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Just now, however, we are less disposed to join disappointed authors in their denunciations of managers who decline on principle to look at a MS. by an unknown hand than we are to express our surprise at the manifest disinclination of managers to say "go on" to writers who have already produced something, and scored a success. It would surely be quite as reasonable to commission the author of an unusually clever "pantomime" to try his hand at an opéra-bouffe as it is to bid the Osric of yesterday prepare for to-morrow's Romeo. Why, for example, is Mr. Frank Green kept grinding away at "pantomimes"? His verse is far better than the lame rubbish one most frequently hears. He is full of genuine, healthy fun. He is also largely experienced in the requirements of the stage, and we are confident that he could spoil the Egyptians—that is to say, the French—as adroitly as his neighbours if he were only provided with an appreciative receiver of the stolen goods. In this connection, too, we should like to ask why Mr. Alfred Phillips has not been encouraged to "try again"? He wrote *Crazed*; and, although the management for some reason unknown to us did not choose to credit him with the authorship, the piece made such a decided mark as to more than warrant our putting the question.

Professor L. N. Fowler has been lecturing on "Pluck and Cheek." In course of his remarks the lecturer gave instances of many public men who possessed one or the other of these qualities—The Tichborne claimant was very cheeky; Dr. Kenealy was very plucky. Dr. Kenealy, we feel sure, would prefer being classed with his friend the imprisoned Baronet. And—could anybody find it in his heart to say him nay?

Mr. Charles Mathews has returned from India, looking as young and robust as he has looked any day these twenty years past. We suppose he would not like to be called a veteran. He would probably resent the application of that epithet as we once heard George Cruikshank resent it: "You have called me a veteran," exclaimed the humourist; "but I am no veteran. I am an old boy!" Charles is an old boy. Yet one smiles to read in the chatty chronicles of a Town-Talker in 1823 that "The only son of Mathews, the comedian, is, we understand, a young man of the most prominent talents in architecture, which he has been studying for some years with Mr. Pugin. The young artist is going to take his departure for Italy, under the auspices of a nobleman of very high rank." Although in that year Calcutta boasted the possession of one theatre "of considerable dimensions," no dramatic performances took place therein, but "a kind of connected concert, every Friday evening, from seven to twelve."

Talking of *Old Mathews*, might it not be worth while reviving a piece called *Hit or Miss*, the leading character in which he created upwards of half a century since? Writes a critic of the period:—"To those who have not visited Molesey Hurst, or Doncaster, or Tattersall's, or such places of gay and fashionable resort, Mr. Mathews supplies an animated representation of the scenes passing there. The auction at Tattersall's was in a strain of peculiar excellence; and not only the manner of the auctioneer, but the voices and deportment of many of the well-known visitants there, were given with an effective accuracy to which the applause of a crowded house bore ample testimony." Mathews, as Dick Cypher, sang "a brace of sporting songs." We believe the piece enjoyed a long run.

The reporters of the orations of Mother Stewart should be more choice in their phraseology. The other night she repeated the story of the Ohio Whisky War. On that occasion "she was supported on the platform by Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough, Inspector Evans, and Sergeant Howthorn."

#### EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, THE AMERICAN PEDESTRIAN.

Americans have long looked upon us as being far behind the times, while they have prided themselves on their ability to go ahead of all creation. This may be true or it may not be so; but there can be no doubt that, up to a few weeks back, we have on all occasions shown ourselves fully equal to them in all branches of sport. Hamill, their champion sculler, came over here with a flourish of trumpets to row Harry Kelley a couple of matches, and the result was almost an exercise paddle for the Britisher. J. B. Johnson, in swimming, if we remember rightly, in two long-distance races, easily defeated their champion. The Harvard crew rowed a four-oared race against Oxford University, and suffered a most easy defeat; while the Atalanta four fared still worse when competing against the London Rowing Club, who simply came clean away at the start and won by the length of a good-sized street. It is true they can point with pride to Captain Bogardus, one of the best pigeon-shots in the universe, and to John C. Heenan, whose drawn fight with Tom Sayers is now a matter of history; while Mr. R. Ten Broeck fairly held his own, considering the limited nature of his stud, with some of our best horses on the turf. It was not, however, until Mr. E. P. Weston made his appearance in London that we really had to sing small in the matter of long-distance walking; and, without reserve, we candidly admit that he is par excellence, in this particular branch of pedestrianism, the very best man we have ever seen. His match, on Tuesday and Wednesday week, against Perkins, our champion, for a walk of four-and-twenty hours (in which Weston covered over one hundred and nine miles), is too fresh in the memory of our readers to be dilated on; and the forty-eight hours' contest against Clark (who accomplished the fastest fifty miles on record) is at the time of writing in progress, Clark having retired after completing nearly fifty-six miles, he being then rather more than a mile in front. Mr. Weston up to midnight on Wednesday night had traversed nearly 110 miles, and was then as fresh almost as when he started, and to all appearances looked fit and well enough to walk for an extra two days. This gentleman, whose portrait we give this week, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, and is now thirty-nine years of age. He graduated at one of the New England colleges, and, after concluding his studies there, went to New York, where he accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *New York Daily Sun*, a paper on which he is at present engaged. He is of slight build, but apparently carries not an

ounce of superfluous lumber. As a strict teetotaler, and with a marked dislike to the use of tobacco in any form, he in no wise objects to anyone either drinking or smoking in moderation provided they do not interfere with him when engaged in walking. In one of his matches in America the spectators behaved towards him in a most disgraceful manner. Knowing his dislike of tobacco, the mob deliberately squirted the juice of the "weed" in his face, and in consequence he had to put up with a defeat. In fact, his chief object in coming to this country, "the home of his ancestors," was to obtain a fair record of his capabilities of what he is able to do as a long-distance walker, his own countrymen refusing him this favour, and we trust he is satisfied with the reception he has met with.

#### "TALL" WALKING IN AMERICA.

The Chicago correspondent of the *New York Sportsman* writes therefrom on the 31st ult.:—"Your readers have been kept fully posted in the case of 'O'Leary v. English Athletic Editors,' by my friend Mr. Curtis, and they will remember that the beginning of the trouble was when O'Leary beat John Ennis, to whom he was giving ten miles in a hundred, and made the fastest times on record from forty-one miles to a hundred. Ennis succumbed at his sixty-seventh mile, leaving O'Leary to walk the remainder of the distance, which he completed in 18h 53m 40s. This took place in this city, on Oct. 16 of last year. Ennis was not satisfied with his performance on that occasion, and offered to back himself to walk ninety miles in O'Leary's time. This was accepted by O'Leary himself, for 500 dols. a side, and Mr. Curtis was named as stakeholder and referee.

"The whole of the money was posted on Monday last, and the match took place on Saturday, Jan. 29, at the Second Regiment Armoury, corner of Canal and Jackson streets. The track, an exact tenth of a mile, was marked out in the hall by Mr. Curtis, and, after the inside steps had been laid down, and the sawdust placed on the track, Mr. Curtis and I measured it with the chain one foot from the inside edge, and found it exactly 176 yards in circumference. An early hour was named for the start, as Ennis wished to walk out one hundred miles if he felt good enough to do it, after completing the ninety; and I, in company with Mr. Curtis, arrived at the hall about fifteen minutes before three o'clock. Here we found Ennis, C. W. Sidnam (who had obtained permission to walk on the track and try himself over a distance), Daniel O'Leary, with a Mr. Tansy, who kept a check tally throughout the walk, relieved by O'Leary himself, and Mr. T. A. Alcock, who also kept a tally for Mr. Curtis's personal use, and about a dozen outsiders. It was arranged that I should tally the first portion of the walk, and I got the men on the track a few minutes before three o'clock, so as to start on the even hour. The word was given at three o'clock precisely, both the men going off together; but, as Sidnam has nothing to do with the match, I will confine my report to Ennis until I get through with his performance. He walked his first half mile in 5m 3s, and the mile in 10m exactly. He then quickened up a little, and his first seven miles occupied 1h 8m 37s. After completing ten miles in 1h 38m 27s, he slowed up for half a mile, and then went on at a moderate pace. The first refreshment he took was a cup of beef tea on the sixteenth mile, which he drank while on the track. At the end of the twentieth mile he left the track for 2m 50s, on the twenty-eighth mile for 20s to fasten his shoestring, on the thirty-fifth for about 2m. He then kept on very strongly until his forty-fourth mile, during which he left the track and entered the cold ante-room without putting on any extra clothing. The result was a chill, which compelled him to leave the track on the second lap of the forty-sixth mile to get a good rubbing, so as to warm him up again. I took this opportunity to run out and get a 'square meal,' leaving the tally-book in charge of Mr. Curtis. When I returned, Ennis was on the track, had completed the broken lap, and was half-way round the third. These two laps Mr. Curtis tallied, and then I resumed the charge of that duty. He left the track on the fiftieth mile for 1m 35s (toilet), and again on the fifty-second for 9m for refreshments. Stops of a minute or more each were made on the fifty-eight and sixty-fourth miles, and on the sixty-sixth he had a rub down, occupying 10m 6s. He again left the track on the seventieth mile for 6m 15s, on the seventy-second for 1m 25s, and again at the beginning of the seventy-seventh, when he had a good rub down and dry warm clothing put on. During the eighty-first mile I left the stand for a couple of minutes, and Mr. Curtis tallied the ninth and tenth laps before I returned. Ennis was now pretty well used up, and had but little margin for the completion of his task. He struggled gamely along, however, stopping for a little over three minutes on the eighty-second mile, and this was the last time of leaving the track until the completion of the task, which he finished at 9h 49m 40s p.m., exactly four minutes within the stipulated time. He then walked round two laps and about two thirds of a lap, and left the track at 9h 53m 32s."

A Baltimore correspondent of the same journal says:—"On the 29th ult. W. E. Harland, of Philadelphia, on a wager of 250 dols., succeeded in walking eighty consecutive hours without sleep or rest, eating his meals as he walked. He was allowed a few minutes to take an occasional bath. The walk was in a small room on North Central Avenue. He started on Wednesday at four p.m., and completed his walk on Saturday at twelve p.m. On Friday night he was on the point of giving out, but with a little assistance he was able to proceed with his walk. His neck and legs—and, in fact, his whole body—was very sore and painful. He could not bear the pain of being touched. He says he will wager 250 dols. that he will walk 125 consecutive hours without sleep or rest."

#### "OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA."

As will at once be seen, Mr. W. S. Herrick's Othello bears not the slightest resemblance to Mr. Henry Irving's Othello, as far as costume goes. Not in the flowing scarlet robe of the Lyceum Othello, picturesque as a veritable Moorish chieftain, but in more conventional garb is the valiant Moor attired in Mr. Herrick's painting, which was exhibited at the Academy in 1873. Yet there is an undeniable likeness in one respect between these two "counterfeit presentments." Othello is represented in the picture at the moment when the best critics agree that Mr. Irving is to be seen at his best. Indeed, it would be difficult to surpass Mr. Irving in the loving tenderness shown by him to his fair young bride in the early portion of the tragedy. In answer to Brabantio's indignant and querulous complaint to the Senate, Othello has delivered with quiet dignity his famous answer, which is deemed satisfactory by the Duke, but which does not quite pacify Desdemona's father, whose spiteful parting shot—

*Brabantio:* Look to her, Moor! Have a quick eye to see;  
She has deceived her father, and may thee!

elicits the noble answer to which Mr. Irving gives especial dignity and reality by simultaneously drawing Desdemona to him in a closer embrace:—

*Othello:* My life upon her faith.

#### THE WATERLOO COURSING MEETING.

So many coursing meetings have been postponed this season in consequence of the frost that many despondent ones feared that even the Waterloo Meeting itself would not come off this week when they found the plains of Altcar covered with snow. With characteristic changeableness the Clerk of the Weather, happily, turned on the rain in the nick of time; and on Wednesday last, the opening day of the meeting, the sun shone out, and the thousands who assembled on the Earl of Sefton's domain were favoured with quite a spring morning. The beating arrangements were excellent, and, as the crowd behaved exceptionally well, the card was got through before three o'clock—forty-eight courses—a feat unprecedented in coursing, and, still more remarkable, not a single decision of the judge was questioned. The public favourites in most cases performed badly, and were nearly all defeated in the first round—King David, Greenburn, and Hematite cutting very sorry figures. The crack, Honeymoon, in her first course ran unsighted from the slips, and was led some distance by Warren Hastings, but, once getting well placed, she secured the flat by a clever kill. In her second trial she allowed Handicraft to do a great deal of work before getting warmed to her business, when she just had the best of a very clever course. Donald, Lucetta, and Cigarette each won their courses with great dash and cleverness, and True Blue gained great commendation for the dash and determination he evinced. Surprise won two short courses easily, and he has evidently got back to his form of 1874; and Huron and Ben Barr showed meritoriously. Corby Castle won his first course easily; but in the second he only just managed to beat Lafitte, and he was evidently slower in his pace than last year. Banker's two victories were the quickest and shortest courses of the day. He has an immense turn of speed, and is clever with his teeth, as he allowed neither of his opponents to score a point. Sister Mary displayed both speed and cleverness, whilst Lord Glendyne performed like a thorough good animal. Alice Kelly displayed great cleverness, and the outsider Squatter astonished all by his brilliant performance. Happy Home, Diligent, and Sherwood Daisy performed luckily and cleverly. In running the second ties for the Waterloo Cup, on Thursday, Donald beat Cigarette; Honeymoon beat Lucetta, and 6 to 4 was taken about her for the Cup; Huron beat Surprise, Ben Barr beat True Blue, Corby Castle beat Sister Mary, Lord Glendyne beat Banker, Alice Kelly beat Sherwood Daisy, and The Squatter beat Diligent cleverly. We hope to be able to give a portrait of the winner in our next, accompanied by an ample description of the whole meeting from our correspondent "Brigadier."

#### PICTURES OF DOGS.

Nor a few of her Majesty's subjects may be said, in one sense, to have "gone to the dogs" this week, when as many as twenty thousand persons are reported to have assembled on the plains of Altcar to witness what some sporting writers delight to call the "Battle of Waterloo." Wherefore Mr. R. H. Moore has thought it not inopportune to present our readers with a few sketches of a Waterloo coursing meeting, as well as a portrait of the noble Lord on whose domain it annually takes place; and it has not been deemed unreasonable to supplement this series of coursing subjects by two more canine pictures, "A Victim to the Lock-Out" and "The Strange Dog." How Carlo came to be "A Victim to the Lock-Out" it is difficult to say without being in the artist's confidence, so much is left to the imagination. In the month of good St. Valentine, however, it may be allowable to hazard the conjecture that this is but another chapter of "the old, old story," and that here is shown the hard fate of a dog that, loving not wisely but too well, has to cool his heels outside his domicile, as is not infrequently the case with many a gay young bachelor about town, "a victim to the lock-out." Carlo, indeed, seems for the moment in as bad case as was a famous predecessor of his, of whom Pope wrote:—

Till then in every sylvan chase renown'd,  
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around:  
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,  
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn;  
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,  
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way.

THE QUEEN AT THE VICTORIA BARRACKS, WINDSOR.—Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and attended by General Ponsonby and the suite, was present, last Wednesday afternoon, at an assault of arms held at the gymnasium of the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, under the patronage of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon and the officers of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards. The Queen was conducted to a raised dais erected beneath a tentlike canopy upon the gallery at the north end of the room. Prince Christian was also present. The gymnasium was filled with officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the first battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, some in full dress, others in undress, the competitors being stripped to their shirts and bare arms. Her Majesty was loudly cheered by the soldiers as she took her seat in the gallery, when the exercises commenced with a number of men climbing the bridge ladder to the roof, and descending the ropes hanging from near the lantern. This was succeeded by rope-climbing, and then came a sabre and bayonet contest. In this contest considerable dexterity was shown, and apparently the sabre had the best of it, the hits made by the lighter arm being three to one. Fencing with single-stick and foils followed, and at the close of the assault of arms her Majesty, who was much pleased with the skill evinced by the battalion, returned to the castle. On Friday next the Queen will attend the Royal Albert Hall concert. Her Majesty has also signified her intention of opening the Grocers' Company's ward of the London Hospital, Whitechapel, on Tuesday, March 7; and on the following day the Queen will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace.

DUBLIN CASTLE.—His Grace the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Georgiana Hamilton gave a ball at the castle last Tuesday evening.

SIR HENRY W. PEEK, M.P., has been elected president of the West London Rowing Club.

MADAME TITIENS has appeared with success at the Academy of Music in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Il Trovatore*.

A SALMON weighing 55lb was taken, on Wednesday, in the Severn, at a place called Ketch, about a mile from Worcester, by a fisherman, in an ordinary draught net, and was sent to London.

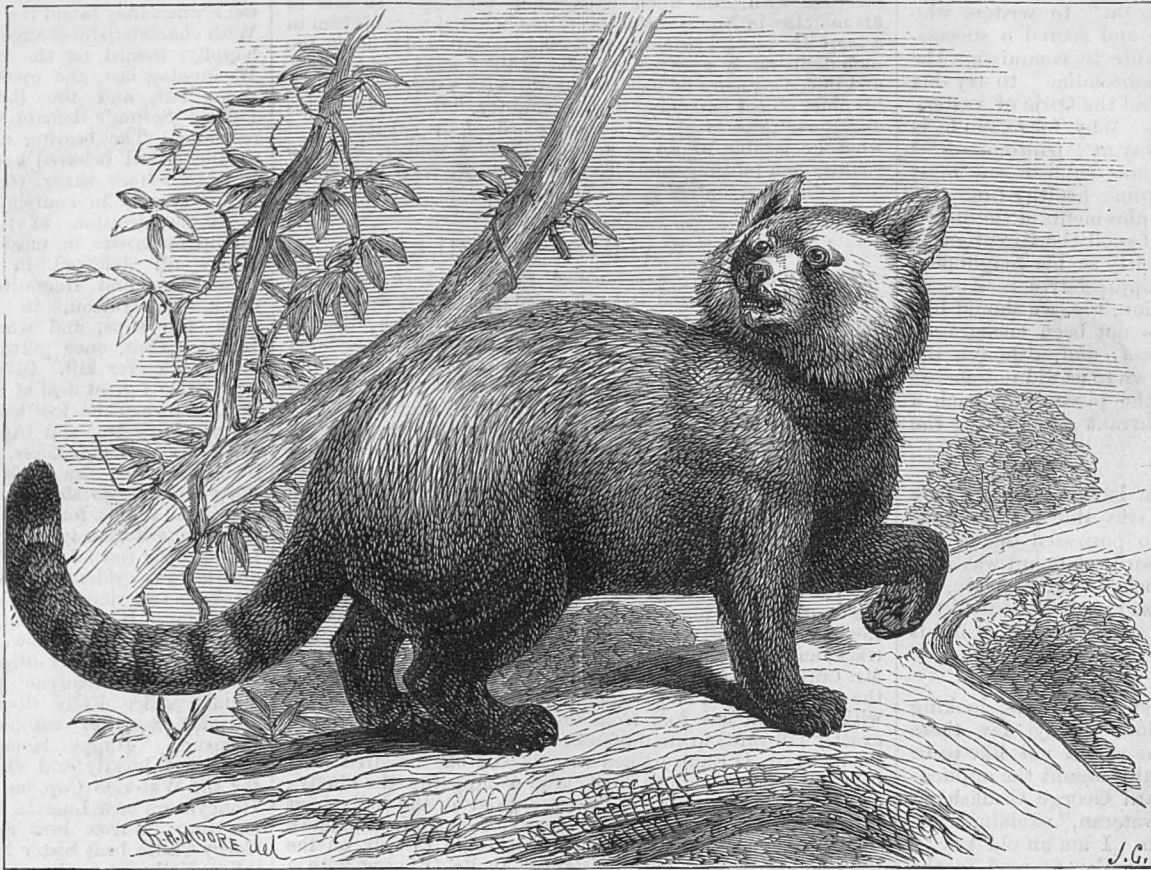
A LARGE ELEPHANT AND TIGRESS TROPHY is being arranged by Mr. Rowland Ward to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales to India. It is for Mr. T. H. Miller, of Preston. When finished it will be on view at Ward and Co.'s, naturalists, 158, Piccadilly.

GREYHOUNDS FOR AUSTRALIA.—Many brace of valuable young greyhounds, selected from the best strain in English kennels, are about being shipped off to Australia, where coursing is now extensively carried on.

## ANIMALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

### THE PANDA OR CAT BEAR. (*Ailurus fulgens*.)

This animal was first noticed by General Hardwicke in a paper read before the Linnean Society, Nov. 6, 1821, entitled, "Description of a New Genus of the Class Mammalia from the Himalaya Chain of Hills between Nepal and the Snowy Mountains." The publication of this paper was unfortunately delayed for about six years. (*Trans. Linn. Soc.*, vol. xv., 1827.) The following remarks are copied from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1870, by A. D. Bartlett:—"On May 22, 1869, the subject of this notice was received at the gardens. I found the animal in a very exhausted condition, and not able to stand, and so weak that it could with difficulty crawl from one end of its cage to the other; however, a mixture of arrowroot, yolks of eggs, and sugar, of which he partook, in a few days improved his condition, and, by the aid of strong beef tea mixed with pea flour and Indian corn flour, he soon was enabled to get about." After this Mr. Bartlett gave him his liberty in the front garden opposite his house. He soon began to eat the tender shoots of the roses, and finding some unripe apples, which had fallen from the trees, on the ground, eagerly devoured them. The yellow berries of the *Pyrus vestita* he was also very fond of. He would grasp the bunch in his paw, holding it tightly, and bite off these berries one by one; so delighted with this food was he that all other food was left as long as these berries lasted. I have every reason to believe that berries, fruit, and other vegetable substances constitute the food of this animal in a wild state. Its mode of progression on the ground corresponds with that of the kinkajou, otter, and weasel, running on all fours, or jumping with a kind of gallop, its back rather arched." The panda illustrated is the second example brought living to Europe. These animals, whose appearance is so rare, are extremely



A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: THE PANDA.

valuable to the scientific naturalist, more especially as their form, structure, and habits appear to combine the characteristics of other groups or families of mammalia so widely separated geographically, as shown by Professor Flower in his elaborate paper upon the anatomical structure. Witness the following remarks:—"It will be seen from the foregoing notes that, in all essential points of its structure, *Ailurus* conforms to the other arctoid or bear-like carnivora, a group comprising the Ursidae, Procyonidae, and the Mustellidae. The question remains whether it can be included in either of those three families, or whether it must constitute a family of itself." In Mr. Bartlett's paper, previously noticed, upon the habits of the panda in captivity led him to form an opinion of the

Badger (*Meles ankuma*).—In 1865 two specimens of this scarce animal were received in the Zoological Gardens. They were originally described by Temminck (in *Faun Japon Mamm.*, pl. 6). This animal is found only in Japan, and is the smallest species of badger yet discovered, and is extremely rare.

In our illustration of the group are figured several species of badgers, differing sufficiently anatomically to render them generically distinct from each other, although from their external characters, modes of life, and habits they would appear so closely allied as barely, in some instances, to be considered as different species. Our figures illustrate the extreme forms of which this family is composed, as may be observed in the contrast of the peculiar differences that exist—

affinities of this animal, which he ascribes as being most nearly allied to the kinkajou. At the same time it exhibited a remarkable affinity to the coati, raccoon, and binturong, all these forms belonging to the bear or Plantigrade group.

### BADGERS, ETC.

Nos. 1 and 2. American Badger (*Taxidea americana*). The first example of this species exhibited in the Zoological Gardens was obtained in 1869, and is still living in the society's menagerie.

No. 3. *Arctonyx collaris*. The first example of this animal was brought to England, by Mr. Clarence Bartlett, in 1867, having been presented to the society by Dr. J. Anderson. It was originally discovered and described by Mr. Hodgson, who obtained it in the Terai of Nepal.

No. 4. Indian Ratel (*Mellivora indica*).—Although not strictly a true badger, being removed by naturalists into a distinct genus on account of its anatomical and dental peculiarities, it is still closely allied. The geographical distribution of this animal is somewhat remarkable, being found not only over a large portion of India, but also in South and West Africa.

No. 5. Common Badger (*Meles taxus*).—Well known throughout the entire of Europe.

Nos. 6 and 7. Sand Badger (*Meles ankuma*).—In 1865 two specimens of this scarce animal were received in the Zoological Gardens. They were originally described by Temminck (in *Faun Japon Mamm.*, pl. 6). This animal is found only in Japan, and is the smallest species of badger yet discovered, and is extremely rare.



BADGERS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



CHARACTERS AT MR. FRANK MARSHALL'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

for instance, the long pig-like snout and lengthened tail of the Indian badger as compared with the more skunk-like form of the American species. Besides the four or five species given in our Illustration, there exist many others in various parts of the world. Recently two or three species have been discovered in Northern China (*Melus leucolæmus*), and another, which formerly existed in the society's gardens, *Melus leptorynchus*. We need scarcely enlarge on the difficulty in obtaining specimens of animals of this family. Although the common badger of this country is by no means a rare animal, yet how few persons have met with one in a state of nature—its burrowing and nocturnal habits affording it an amount of security, while its place of abode is always in some inaccessible position. These animals are regarded as tolerably harmless, their food consisting of a great variety of substances. Unless hard pressed, the badger would not attack any animal half its own size, but would content itself by eating any small fry, or probably the flesh of any animal it might meet with in its nightly rambles. Our common badger will eat roots, beech-mast, fruit, acorns, and grain, and they are also very fond of the nest of the wasp and wild bees, which they always dig up. Probably the most carnivorous of the group is the species known as the ratel (*Mellivora*). This form has a very wide distribution, being found nearly all over India and South and West Africa. In the former country it is commonly called the grave-digger, from the known fact of its scratching and burrowing into the earth, and consuming the bodies that have been buried. For some years a specimen of the Cape ratel lived in the Zoological Gardens. In running round his cage his habit was to roll over once or twice during each circuit. This habit was not peculiar to this individual alone, for others have performed the same feat. It has been suggested that the act of rolling over would be to rid himself of wasps or bees that might attack him after he had been grubbing up their nests, it being well known that they feed upon the honey of the wild bee. Much has been written upon the period of gestation of the badger, and a controversy in sporting and other publications has been kept up for years; but it is well known that the female goes with young for a considerable period, females after being alone having produced young after many months in captivity. The young, if reared by hand, become extremely tame and playful—in fact, may be regarded as interesting and harmless pets.

#### MR. AND MRS. FRANK MARSHALL'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

A PRIVATE fancy-dress ball was given, by the kind permission of the Duke of Wellington, at the Riding-School, Knightsbridge, on Monday evening last, and was attended by a large number of persons well known in literary, artistic, and dramatic circles. The hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall, and from the fact that the former occupies a conspicuous position as a dramatist and Shakespearean reader, as well as in society, there was a brilliant gathering. It must be noted at the same time that the weather was unpropitious, and that the first performance of *Othello* at the Lyceum made a good many guests late. The Riding-School was charmingly decorated and divided into two saloons, the larger one being devoted to dancing, and the smaller to a series of well-appointed refreshment buffets, to which the guests repaired whenever inclination led them. The band was stationed midway between the two, on a raised platform, with the partition behind it, which was surrounded by exotics and different varieties of ferns. The floor was admirably adapted for dancing, and the general arrangements were perfect. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall proved themselves the most assiduous and hospitable of hosts, and they were ably seconded in their efforts to promote the comfort of their guests by the gentlemen they had asked to undertake the work of stewards, notably by Mr. F. C. Broughton, whose courtesy and energy in discharging the duties he had to perform as Master of the Ceremonies, deserve a special word of commendation. The ball was certainly one of the most delightful fancy-dress assemblies which have been given for some time, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marshall may certainly be congratulated upon a distinct success. The gathering, indeed, had all the interest of a public assembly, as well as the charm of a private party, for all the invitations were purely personal; and the recollection of it will long dwell in the memories of those who were present on the occasion.

Among the company present we may first give the names of those ladies and gentlemen who have been selected by our Special Artist, Mr. Dower Wilson, for representation in his full-page picture of the ball. And, as it may interest our readers to enable them to identify some of the characters, we may enumerate some of those grouped on another page. The three centre figures on the top of the picture are, commencing from the left, Mr. F. Marshall, Mr. Broughton, and Mr. Marshall. Mrs. Savile Clarke appears as Evangeline, in the left-hand top corner; below her we have Mr. Terry as a savage, Miss Genevieve Ward as an Irishwoman, and Mr. Joseph Knight in a picturesque hood. Opposite to the last three named, and in the same order, Mr. Lionel Brough is represented in a policeman's dress; then comes Mr. Hill, as the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," with Mrs. Walter Ellis in a Marquise dress below him. Mr. Edgar Bruce will be readily distinguishable as Mephistopheles; and next to him come Mr. Hollingshead, jun., Mr. Lin Rayne, and Mrs. Ross-Church in a very effective Circassian dress. Mr. John Thomson looks a venerable friar, in tonsure and cowl; Mr. C. V. Boys comes next in an extraordinary black and white dress; and Mr. Morrell Longden looks thoroughly Oriental in a fez. With this brief description, noting in conclusion that a lady and gentleman are dancing a quadrille in the centre, we may leave our illustration.

In addition to the names given above as introduced into the sketch, we may add those of the following ladies and gentlemen who were present:—Mdlles. H. Hodson, M. Litton, F. Josephs, C. Addison, Dolaro, E. Farren, Camille Dubois, Hollingshead, Kate Field, Bishop, Furtado, Mrs. Millward, Mrs. Rousby, &c.; Lord Henry Lennox, Colonel Farquharson, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, General Duff, Messrs. Val Prinsep, Labouchere, Robertson, Gilbert, Alfred Thompson, C. Walter, Planché, Wills, Alberty, O'Connor, Savile Clarke, Herbert, Watson, Millward, Leathes, J. Clarke, Walter Ellis, Dixon, Wallis Mackay, Swanborough, &c.

We may add that the highly effective decorations were by Messrs. Simmonds Brothers, and the exquisite floral arrangements by Mr. Wills, of the Royal Exotic Nursery, South Kensington.

A SHOAL OF SPRATS were caught last week off Brighton, and some hundreds of them are now to be seen in one of the tanks at the Brighton Aquarium.

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston, Oct. 26, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy terrier, and within half-an-hour he passed a good many worms, some upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, London.—[Adv't.]

### The Drama.

THE pantomime season is gradually on the wane. The first withdrawal of the Christmas entertainments took place at the Royal Park a fortnight ago. Last week Messrs. Hengler concluded the representations of *Valentine and Orson*. To-day will see the last of the famous Alexandra Palace pantomime. *Cinderella* will be represented for the last time to-night at Covent Garden; and *Whittington and His Cat* must be withdrawn from Drury Lane on Saturday week, March 4, owing to the departure of the Vokes family for America.

The leading dramatic event of the week was the third Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum on Monday night, when *Othello* was produced, with Mr. Henry Irving as the Moor, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) as Emilia, Miss Isabel Bateman as Desdemona, and Mr. Forrester as Iago, a notice of which appears in another column, as well as another of the revival at the Alhambra, on Monday evening, of Mr. Byron's musical extravaganza *Don Juan*, which displaced the Christmas entertainment, *Lord Bateman*. The other noteworthy events of the week may be briefly summarised.

On Saturday, in addition to the usual pantomimes, morning performances took place of *Leah* at the Lyceum, *The Merchant of Venice* at the Gaiety matinee, and *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville.

At the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, Mr. Toole, supported by Mr. Hollingshead's company from the Gaiety, commenced a short series of dramatic representations, commencing on that day with *Off the Line* and *Ici on Parle Français*, and yesterday was to appear in *Uncle Dick's Darling*.

At the Gaiety, on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Toole appeared in his old part in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, which was followed by a new apropos sketch by Mr. R. Reece, produced for the first time and entitled *A Spelling Bee*, in which the two leading parts were sustained by Mr. Toole and Miss Farren. The special performance of *Othello*, by Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, Mr. Creswick, and Miss Genevieve Ward, announced for Thursday, was postponed till Monday next, in consequence of a severe domestic affliction which has befallen Mr. Creswick.

Mr. Byron's comedy *Our Boys* reached its 350th consecutive representation on Thursday.

At the Charing-Cross Theatre *Married in Haste* was represented for the last time last night; and a special performance will take place for the benefit of the manager, Mr. W. R. Field, this evening, when *Still Waters Run Deep* will be represented, supported by Mr. Hermann Vezin as John Mildmay, Mrs. Chippendale as Mrs. Sternhold, and Miss Edith Lynd as Mrs. Mildmay.

This afternoon the day performances, besides the usual pantomimes, will comprise *Leah* at the Lyceum; the *Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Phelps as Shylock, supported by the same cast as last Saturday, at the Gaiety; *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville; *All for Her* at the St. James's; and *Madame L'Archiduc*, followed by the new musical absurdity called *Crazed*, with Mr. W. S. Hill as Beethoven Brown, a mad composer, at the Opéra Comique, for the benefit of Mr. William Henry Morton.

At the Globe, to night, will take place the last performance of *The Duke's Daughter* (*La Timbale d'Argent*), which will be transferred to the Charing-Cross Theatre on Monday night, to make way for the production at this house, under the management of Mr. Edgar Bruce, of a dramatic version of "Bleak House," under the title of *Jo*, in which Miss Jennie Lee will sustain the title rôle. The other leading characters will be represented by Miss Louisa Hibbert and Messrs. Flockton, Edward Price, Charles Steyne, J. B. Rae, C. Wilmot, and J. F. Burnett.

To-night will also witness the termination of *Clytie* at the Olympic, where the new drama, *The Gascon*, adapted from the French by Mr. Muskerry, is announced for production on Monday evening, with Mrs. Rousby, Miss Fanny Josephs, and Messrs. Henry and George Neville, W. H. Fisher, and Lytton Sothorn in the principal characters.

#### "OTHELLO" AT THE LYCEUM.

In spite of the somewhat wholesale condemnation with which Mr. Henry Irving's *Macbeth* was received by the press, the public interest in this actor appears nothing abated. A densely-crowded house was the Lyceum on Monday night, and every one seemed eager with curiosity to behold what Mr. Irving would make of *Othello*. After the impression made upon us by the wonderful impersonation of Signor Salvini in the same rôle, we confess that we did not give way to expectations of a satisfactory performance. Striking it was sure to be, and in some respects highly artistic. But we could not by any process of imagination fancy Henry Irving as a fit exponent of the character of the ardent and passionate Moorish General.

The result was not satisfactory. Mr. Irving appeared at first clothed in very picturesque scarlet mantle, with a hood; and from the beginning he looked entirely different from what any student of Shakespeare can imagine Othello to have been. His performance throughout evidenced such an amount of care, of study, and of elaboration that it becomes a matter of difficulty to condemn his entire performance as decisively as it deserves to be condemned. Mr. Irving had evidently laboured to avoid any of the features of Salvini's performances. He has carried his eccentricity of both voice and gesture to the verge of the grotesque. In the scene where he interrupts the fighting between Cassio and Montano with "Put up your bright swords or the dew will rust them," Mr. Irving made an inarticulate exclamation which caused an audible laugh in the gallery. In the temptation scene, "Villain, be sure thou prove," &c., his simulation of rage was impotent; and when he seized Iago by the throat there was no dignity in his wrath, and one felt surprised at a man of Iago's manliness submitting to such rough usage. His elocution, though in one or two passages extremely good, seemed to be marred by the violence of his efforts to express passion. It is to be regretted that an actor of Mr. Irving's genius should select parts which by nature he is unfitted to play, when he might easily find others suited to his characteristics, and which, with half the study, would prove more satisfactory.

Partly in consequence of his favourable contrast to Othello, but more on account of his excellent acting, Mr. Forrester made a decided impression as Iago. He ignored all old-fashioned tradition and played the part in a quiet, natural, and yet extremely forcible manner. In the more meditative speeches he was less satisfactory, not giving its due importance to the worldly-wise and witty philosophy of the cunning ancient.

As Emilia Mrs. Crowe was very good indeed. Miss Isabel Bateman was not strong enough as Desdemona, though her expression of the tender and timid love of the Venetian girl for her black lord and master was occasionally very delicately effective. As Cassio, Mr. E. Brooke was excellent. Nothing could be better than his remorse for his drunken folly, which had lost him his position and reputation. In this scene Mr. Brooke proved himself a genuine artist.

Mr. Mead, as Brabantio, gave a striking portrait of the irate Venetian Senator; Mr. Huntley, as Gratiano, was effective,

as were also Messrs. Archer and Beaumont as Lodovico and Montano.

The play is superbly put upon the stage. The scenery, especially, is worthy of honourable mention. Mr. Hawes Craven, who always produces exquisite scenery, has on this occasion surpassed himself.

#### A L H A M B R A.

##### "DON JUAN."

Pending the production of an English version of Offenbach's opéra-bouffe, *Le Voyage à la Lune*, a recent Parisian success, Mr. Byron's musical burlesque or extravaganza, *Don Juan*, which had a lengthened career when originally produced here, at Christmas, 1873, was revived, on Saturday evening, in succession to *Lord Bateman*, and met with such a cordial reception from a crowded audience as to fully justify the policy of its reproduction, and to indicate a renewal of its former popularity. Nearly all the songs, duets, and concerted pieces with which *Don Juan* is abundantly illustrated, are selections from Offenbach, Lecocq, Gounod, &c., as well as original compositions by M. G. Jacobi, the musical director, and were vociferously encored. The scenic decorations are as pretty and grotesque as of yore; the dresses, especially the picturesque Albanian costumes of the fair corsairs in the first act, have more than their original brightness; and the entire representation has gained in efficiency, both musically and in acting, through some changes in the cast, the most important of which are that Mdlle. Fanchitta replaces Miss Santley as Haydee, and Miss A. Newton succeeds Miss Amy Sheridan as Spalatro. Mdlle. Fanchitta displayed her cultivated and graceful style of vocalisation in her charming rendering of Millard's song, "Waiting," and her florid facility of execution in Jacobi's "Valse chantante," receiving well-merited applause in both. Miss Rose Bell returns to resume her old part of Don Juan, and her delineation has lost none of its spirit and dash, neither in her acting nor singing. In her rendering of the delicious serenade from Offenbach's *Bridge of Sighs* she exhibited more delicacy and grace than usually marks her execution, and was equally characteristic in her spirited delivery of Jacobi's drinking song, "Sparkling Wine." Mr. Paulton, who resumes his rôle of Leporello, and as the amateur pilot, gained great applause for his duet with Miss E. Chambers (a lively representative of Zerlina) and his cleverly-executed hornpipe. Messrs. Jarvis and F. Hall humorously represent Don Pedro and Lambro (the latter originally played by Mr. Worboys), and they were ably seconded by Mr. J. Paul as Mazetta. Miss E. Beaumont was most graceful and attractive as Donna Anna, and distinguished herself very much by her pleasing singing of a new song by M. Jacobi, which she was obliged to repeat. Miss L. Robson (Don Carlos) also gave great satisfaction by her charming rendering of the sailor song, which was re-demanded. Misses A. Hilton, N. Vane, and Rose Shelton rendered effective and picturesque aid as the representatives of Dudu, Don José, and Don Guzman. The first act was enlivened by the pretty ballet of corsairs; and a special feature of the revival is the appearance in the second act of the "Casanobas," a troupe of Spanish dancers from Madrid, consisting of one male and three female dancers, who execute with remarkable grace and agility a series of dances characteristic of their nation, with the accompaniment of tambourine and castanets. The dancing of the cavalier, and his rapid and varied manipulation of the tambourine, are very novel and clever; and the piquante grace and spirit displayed by the principal of the three ladies recall the recollection of Perea Nena, who appeared some years ago at the Haymarket Theatre. The novel Spanish divertissement was warmly applauded, and the Casanobas had to repeat their very graceful and elegant performance. The grand Turkish ballet from *Lord Bateman* is still retained on the bills, and forms an attractive portion of the varied entertainment now given at the Alhambra.

#### EGYPTIAN HALL.

##### DIORAMA OF THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

Dr. Lynn's drawing-room at the Egyptian Hall is now occupied by the Messrs. Hamilton with their new diorama of the New Overland Route to India, via the Mont Cenis tunnel, Brindisi, and the Suez Canal, and a tour on the rivers Hooghly and Ganges from Calcutta to the city of Benares. Independently of the intrinsic artistic merits of the numerous scenes illustrating the new highway to our Eastern possessions, the diorama acquires a twofold additional interest as illustrative of the Prince of Wales's tour and of the late visit to India of the Duke of Edinburgh, who has graciously permitted the representations given of his Royal Highness's tiger-hunting expeditions, &c., to be copied from M. Chevalier's original drawings, now in the Duke's private collection at Clarence House. Starting from Charing-cross, by the night express, we are quietly wafted through a series of forty magnificent scenes—painted by Messrs. Teibin and other eminent artists, the late Mr. Edwin Weedon, marine artist to the *Illustrated London News*, having contributed the shipping illustrations, first to Folkestone Harbour, across the Channel to Boulogne—on to Paris, of which several lifelike scenes are given; through Savoy and the Mont Cenis tunnel to the romantic Italian scenery at Susa; then to the city of Turin, whence, making a divergence to Rome, we are presented with several views of the Holy City—St. Peter's—with splendid dioramic effects, showing the illumination of the Grand Basilica at Easter, the Coliseum, and a brilliant carnival scene; on to the port of Brindisi; through the Suez Canal—of the grand ceremony and marine procession, headed by the Empress Eugénie's yacht, on the opening, there is a striking representation, followed by views of the great pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx, and of the cities of Alexandria and Grand Cairo. We next arrive at the City of Palaces, Calcutta, of which there are several illustrations, followed by vividly-painted representations of the great festival of Juggernaut at Serampore, and of native Princes attending a durbar of the Viceroy at Barrackpore. To these succeed the Duke of Edinburgh's tiger-hunting in the plains of Bengal, from M. Chevalier's original drawings; the arrival, in the Rajah's state barge, of the Duke of Edinburgh at the city of Benares, and concluding with a representation of the interior of the Rajah's palace during a native entertainment and nautch dance in honour of his Royal Highness. This is, on the whole, the most interesting of Messrs. Hamilton's dioramas, and will be found at once interesting and amusing, as well as instructive. The diorama is exhibited twice daily, in the afternoon and evening.

THE Princess of Wales honoured Drury Lane Theatre with her presence on Tuesday evening.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh attended the performance at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday evening.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday evening.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS arrived in London from India on Friday evening last week. Mr. Charles Mathews is to make his first appearance since his return at the Brighton Theatre next Monday, when he will appear in *My Awful Dad*.

MISS NELLY POWER goes to the Surrey, to take the part of

Jack in the pantomime, in succession to Miss Jennie Lee, who is engaged to play Jo in the new drama to be brought out at the Globe on Monday next.

Mr. TOM TAYLOR has excised altogether the first act from his new historical drama, *Anne Boleyn*, at the Haymarket.

Mr. HARE announces that, on the termination of the run of Mr. Gilbert's fairy piece *Broken Hearts*, will be revived, for the first time these ten years, Mr. Palgrave Simpson's comedy *A Scrap of Paper*. This comedy, which is an adaptation of M. Sardou's *Les Pattes de Mouche*, has been specially revised by Mr. Simpson for the Court company.

At the German Reed's entertainment *Our Card Basket* will shortly be replaced by a new piece, entitled *An Indian Puzzle*, written by the brothers a'Beckett, the music by Mr. German Reed.

At Mr. Toole's Gaiety "Spelling Bee," on Wednesday morning last, the point was Mr. Toole's answer to a question put by his confederate in one of the upper boxes. Query: "I have dropped a little money lately in Egyptian bonds—how can I obtain redress?" Answer "Su-uz Canal."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—A series of eight dramatic representations of popular plays are announced to be given here on an unusually complete scale, commencing on Thursday next, the 24th inst., with *London Assurance*, to be followed by Mr. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth* on Tuesday, 29th; Thursday, March 2, Shakespeare's *Othello*; Tuesday, March 7, W. S. Gilbert's *Pygmalion and Galatea*; Thursday, March 9, Poole's *Paul Pry*; Tuesday, March 14, Willis's *Man o' Airlie*; Thursday, March 16, Tom Taylor's *Plot and Passion*; Tuesday, March 21, Tobin's *Honeymoon*. Under the superintendence of Mr. F. Kilpack. The following, with other eminent artists, are engaged to appear:—Mesdames Henrietta Hodson, Carlotta Addison, Emma Waters, Kate Langley, Fanny Enson, Everard, H. Dietz, Maggie Brennan, Isabel Clifton, Edward Price, C. H. Stevenson, and Rose Leclercq; Messrs. J. Clarke, Edward Terry, W. Belford, F. Kilpack, E. Marshall, Edward Price, H. J. Turner, Harry Taylor, C. Steyne (by permission of E. Bruce, Esq.), J. Wainwright, F. B. Egan, Arthur Wood, H. Standing, Frederick Shephard, E. S. Willard, H. Carter, and J. G. Grahame, Mr. William Rignold, and Mr. Hermann Vezin.

*Black-Eyed Susan* will be performed at the Alexandra Palace on Tuesday next by Mr. Burnand's company from the Duke's Theatre.

An amateur performance of Mr. Cunningham Bridgman's comedy *Shipmates*, followed by Mr. Planché's *Somebody Else*, is fixed to take place at the Royalty on Wednesday next, the 23rd inst., for the benefit of the boys of the late training-ship *War-spire*. The representation, which should be interesting for itself as well as for its excellent motive, will be under the patronage of the Lord Mayor.

Mr. BYRON'S *Rival Othellos*, revised by the author, is shortly to be revived at the Strand.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, who has been staying for the past few weeks at the Grand Hotel, Brighton, resting from his labours, is credited with a bon mot worth repeating. A well-known capitalist, whose earnest desire to take a theatre has been a source of anxiety to his friends, asked Mr. Wyndham to propose terms of partnership with him. "Do you know anything of theatrical management?" inquired the comedian. "Nothing whatever," answered the would-be entrepreneur. "Very well, then," said Wyndham, "I suppose you will find the money and I am to find the experience." "Yes; that's fair enough." "And," continued the gay Charles, "in about a couple of years' time, I will have the money and you will have the experience." The old gentleman's histrionic ardour has since abated.

## Music.

Music intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace concert of Saturday last the following selection of music was performed:—

Intermezzo and Scherzo (MS.)	Henry Gadsby.
Recit. and air, "Oh, ruddier than the cherry" ("Acis and Galatea")	Handel.
Pianoforte concerto in C (No. 18)	Mozart.
Aria, "Deh vieni" ("Figaro")	Mozart.
Symphony in E	Arthur Sullivan.
Song, "The Raft"	Pinsuti.
Song, "Where the bee sucks"	Arne.
Overture, "Alfonso and Estrella"	Schubert.

Although there were no absolute novelties in this selection, two of the pieces performed were given for the first time at the Crystal Palace, and these claim priority of notice. The "Intermezzo and Scherzo," by Mr. Gadsby, had only once before been played in public, when given last year by the British Orchestral Society. On that occasion it was warmly welcomed, as the work of a clever and thoughtful musician, who has already done much in the higher walks of art, and from whom still greater things may be expected. It was played by the Crystal Palace orchestra in admirable style, and unquestionably produced a still more favourable impression than when performed by the British Orchestral Society. The fine body of wind instrument players at the Crystal Palace had many opportunities for the display of their excellent qualities, and these were turned to good account. After listening to this original and clever piece of orchestral writing one is induced to complain that Mr. Gadsby does not essay more ambitious flights. An oratorio, opera, or symphony from his pen would be welcomed by all musicians; and it is to be hoped that he will not be content with having proved his capability, at a time when every capable English musician should feel bound to show what English musicians can produce in the shape of important musical works. He may be congratulated on the hearty reception accorded to his work on Saturday last—a reception which might well encourage any man to further efforts. The Mozart concerto, played on Saturday for the first time at these concerts, was indeed welcome. The pianist was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, one of the best among our native pianists. Her careful, conscientious interpretation of the text elucidated the meanings of the composer in the most satisfactory manner. In the cadenza she showed her facility of execution to advantage, and the charm of her playing was enhanced by her complete avoidance of eccentricity and self-assertion. She, of course, knew the concerto by heart, but very properly played from the printed score, and did not run the risk of letting Mozart suffer from any momentary forgetfulness on the part of his interpreter. Her example might be profitably followed by the pretentious performers who seek to win the applause of groundlings by "prodigious" displays of memory, and think more of gratifying their personal vanity than of doing justice to the works they undertake to play. Mr. Sullivan's E minor symphony was written for the Crystal Palace Concerts, and was first produced March 10, 1866. It has not been repeated since April 10, 1869—too long a delay in the repetition of so important a work. It displays throughout that felicity of orchestration for which Mr. Sullivan is conspicuous, and much of that

melodic originality which was manifested in his music to *The Tempest*, his *Enchanted Isle*, and other early works. It will not be necessary to speak in detail of all the six movements which it comprises; but the andante deserves special mention. The opening melody is beautiful, and is rendered wonderfully impressive by the instrumentation employed—being played in unison by four horns and an alto trombone. Here it should be observed that instrumentation of this kind is somewhat hazardous; and that Mr. Sullivan was fortunate in finding such able executants. Amateurs, as well as musicians, can readily understand that, in an orchestra which boasts of four horns, the fourth horn is usually occupied in playing the lower notes of the scale, and is not unlikely to "come to grief" if required to play for a considerable time on those higher notes which fall within the province of the first and second horns. Yet, on Saturday last, not one instance of false intonation occurred, and the four horns, with the alto trombone, played as if they were but one instrument, producing a fine effect. The second subject, in which the clarinet is employed, was in all respects delightful. The subsequent dance movement, introduced by the oboe, is less original and refined than the preceding movements; and the same objection may be taken to the finale; but the orchestration and working out are so masterly that the deficiency of creative power is forgotten in the enjoyment derivable from skilful manipulation. The Schubert overture was excellently played; but we must confess that we think it by no means a favourable specimen of the composer.

The vocal music was executed by Miss Rose Hersee and Signor Foli; and respecting these artists we may quote our contemporary the *Hour*, which says:—"Few English artists have attained the popularity enjoyed by Miss Rose Hersee, and how justly she has earned her honours was evinced on Saturday. Mozart's pleasing strains and Arne's quaint phrases were never more thoroughly enjoyed. Signor Foli is almost unsurpassed in his vocalisation of Handel's 'O! ruddier than the cherry,' and, as he was in excellent voice, his singing was a feature in the concert." Mr. Manns again proved himself one of the very first among orchestral conductors; and his ability, energy, and carefulness contributed greatly to the success of the concert.

At this afternoon's concert Mozart's E flat symphony, a suite for strings and flute by J. S. Bach, and Mr. J. F. Barnett's pianoforte concerto in D minor will be performed. Pianist, Miss Emma Barnett; vocalists, Mdlle. Levier and Mr. William Shakespeare.

### ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERTS.

After a long recess, rendered necessary by the success of the Christmas entertainments, these concerts will be resumed this afternoon. The following attractions are provided:—

Mdlle. Enriquez, Madame Schor-Robiat, and Mr. E. Lloyd, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, the great pianist. Symphony in F minor, Louis Maurer (first time in England); overture, "Lucie Manette," J. Waterson (first time); gavotte (for strings), J. Halberstadt; concerto pianoforte (G minor), Mendelssohn, Mdlle. Krebs; grand selection, "Crown Diamonds," Aufer; march, "The Talisman," Balfe. Second part, miscellaneous concert. Increased orchestra. Conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill.

This is an attractive bill of fare. We know nothing at present of Madame Schor-Robiat, but we know that Miss Enriquez and Mr. Lloyd are excellent vocalists, and that few better pianists can be found than Mdlle. Krebs, who is somewhat unnecessarily announced as "the great pianist." Mdlle. Krebs stands in no need of puffery; nor should the interesting announcements of the Alexandra Palace concerts be sullied by any approach to "the show business." The remaining concerts of the present series will be given on every Saturday from this day to Saturday, April 8; and in the course of the season, Handel's oratorio, *Susanna*, will be performed. The fine band of the Palace will be reinforced for the Saturday concerts, the Alexandra Palace choir are constantly rehearsing the music they have to perform; and, with so excellent a conductor as Mr. H. Weist Hill, there can be little doubt that the great orchestral works which are in preparation will be worthily presented.

There is one feature in the musical arrangements of the Alexandra Palace which is entitled to special mention: we allude to the organ performances, which are to be heard there daily. The organ, in the great hall, is one of the most magnificent instruments ever made. It was not completed in time for the inaugural festivity; but is now almost, if not quite, finished, and is nearly unique in beauty of tone and variety of stops. The organist, Mr. Frederic Archer, enjoys a European reputation as one of the greatest among living organ players. Being a finished musician, and a successful composer, he is able to transfer to his organ the orchestral scores of great works, and, in fact, makes of the organ an almost complete orchestra. He is equally happy in the presentation of lighter kinds of music; his improvisations are brilliantly effective; and the Alexandra Palace would be well worth visiting were it only to hear the masterly organ performances of Mr. Frederic Archer. Next week we shall give an account of to-day's concert.

The Philharmonic Society's prospectus for the ensuing season is published. Eight evening concerts will be given, and two morning concerts on Mondays, May 22 and June 19. Two symphonies, by Hoffman and Raff, will be played for the first time in England: and the requiem by Brahms, produced in 1873, will be repeated. A MS. overture, entitled "The Merry Wives of Windsor," composed by the late Sterndale Bennett, will be played for the first time in public; but there is little recognition of contemporary native talent. The wisdom of the society's rule, which rejects the works of living native composers, may be doubted, and the more so because an exception is made in favour of the conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins, whose overture, "Love's Labour's Lost," is to be performed. It is quite time that steps were taken to bring this venerable society into harmony with the spirit of the age. At present its management is both obstructive and inconsistent.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will, on Friday next, perform Beethoven's Mass in C and his "Mount of Olives." Madames Sherrington and Elton, MM. Guy and Thomas, will be the solo vocalists; and it is hoped that Sir Michael Costa may be able to conduct.

At the last Thursday concert of the Westminster Aquarium Mrs. Osgood was the vocalist and Mr. Arthur Sullivan conducted. These performances would probably prove more attractive if the daily newspaper announcements contained particulars of the leading vocal and instrumental attractions provided. This plan was adopted last season at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and was found to increase the "booking" to a considerable extent. People who know that the aquarium is at present fishless are not likely to go thither for music, unless attracted by more copious particulars than those which have hitherto been given.

The Brighton Festival of Mr. Kuhe appears thus far to have been eminently successful. At the opening concert, on Tuesday last, the instrumental selections were well played by the excellent orchestra, ably conducted by Mr. Kuhe. Solos were played by Mr. Kuhe, Mr. Radcliff, and M. Sainton; and Miss Rose Hersee made a brilliant success in three vocal solos, especially in the "Laughing Song" from *Manon Lescaut*. The

dome was filled by a fashionable audience; and a similar success has attended the subsequent concerts. The Festival will continue throughout the ensuing week; and at its close some useful lessons may be drawn from the results of Mr. Kuhe's spirited enterprise.

The first concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir was given at St. James's Hall on Thursday last. The programme contained novelties in the shape of part-songs by Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Henry Smart, and Mr. Hamilton Clarke; and the soloists were Mdlle. Ida Corani, Mr. Edward Gordon, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Svendsen (flute); conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. We must defer further particulars until next week. The three remaining subscription concerts will be given March 24, June 1 and 16; and "Extra Concerts" will be given March 3 and 9; at the latter concert, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* will be performed by a choir of 200 male voices; and a compressed version of the connecting text will be read by Mrs. Stirling.

We hear that Mr. Svendsen, first flute of her Majesty's private band, Her Majesty's Opera, the Alexandra Palace orchestra, &c., has been engaged for the important post of first flute at the next series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden.

## NEW YORK GOSSIP.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has formed a concert company of her own, and was to begin her tour on the 26th ult. in Montreal. Mr. Mark Keiser and Mr. Louis Melbourne are members of the troupe.

VON BULOW has been playing in Buffalo.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS was singing in *Elmira*, on the 29th ult. Mr. GEORGE HONEY has been acting in *Our Boys* and *Tom Cobb* at the Globe Theatre in Boston.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is again dangerously ill in Boston, and her condition gives serious alarm to her friends.

THE Kellogg English Opera Company, during their forthcoming season in New York, will bring out Meyerbeer's grand opera, *North Star*. Miss Kellogg will sing the part of Catherine, in which she was so successful on the Italian stage. The company have met with marked public favour during their provincial tour.

THERE have been few changes in the theatrical programmes in New York.

AT Booth's Theatre *Julius Caesar* has attracted very large audiences and obtained the success due to the beauty of the scenery and the excellence of the acting.

*Pique* is likely to run at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for many weeks. It is admirably acted.

*Rose Michel* is considered the best melodrama produced in New York for years.

THE Eagle Theatre is a favourite resort of all persons who love a laugh. Mr. Hart has an excellent company, and his programme is remarkable alike for its variety and excellence.

*Faust* was the Christmas spectacle at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

## Hunting.

Her Majesty's staghounds met, on Tuesday last, at Beaconsfield, and had an hour and twenty minutes' run. The going was very heavy in places. Although the morning was wet and dull, there was a good field out. The deer Burley was uncared at noon, and ran nearly in a direct line for Gerard's-cross, and was taken at Bulstrode Park. The noble master was not out; but we are glad to hear that the strain he met with whilst hunting on Monday week was not at all so severe as was first reported.

At a meeting of subscribers to the Essex and Suffolk Hunt, held on Tuesday last, at Ipswich, a letter was read from Colonel Jelf, master of the hunt, announcing his resignation at the end of the season. Mr. T. W. Munn, a former master, declined to undertake the office again.

Of late cases of fox-slaying otherwise than by hunting have been somewhat prevalent. This seems to have been recently practised in the neighbourhood of Worksop, Notts, in the district of the Galway Hunt. A week ago a splendid dog fox was picked up at Sparking-hill, on the Ollerton turnpike, quite dead. On being prepared for stuffing, it was found to have been riddled with shot, upwards of twenty pellets being extracted from its flesh. A fortnight previously another fox was picked up in the same neighbourhood in a very emaciated condition, and an examination showed that it also had been shot.

Mr. W. Perry Herrick, of Beaumanoir, a gentleman well known in the hunting field in Leicestershire, died suddenly on Tuesday evening, at the age of eighty-one. He had been out with the Quorn, which had met at Woodhouse Eaves, and had been in at the death of the first fox, but, becoming unwell shortly afterwards, rode hurriedly home. Immediately on his arrival he began to sink, and died within a few minutes.

A large party of gentlemen assembled on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, at a dinner, in Enfield, the occasion being the presentation of a valuable silver cup to Colonel Somerset, the master of the Hertfordshire hounds, and the institutor of the stage coach running between Enfield, St. Albans, and Luton. The dinner was served in the riding-house, a fine building, which Colonel Somerset, in the absence of a townhall, invariably places at the disposal of the inhabitants of Enfield. Mr. Philip Twells, M.P., occupied the chair, the vice-chair being taken by Mr. James Meyer, J.P. The cup, which was adorned with suitable figures, bore the following inscription:—"Presented to Colonel Alfred P. F. C. Somerset, J.P., and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, by the inhabitants of Enfield and the vicinity, in token of their great esteem for his uniform courtesy and liberality towards them, this 9th day of February, 1876." The entire proceedings were animated by the spirit expressed in the foregoing lines. A number of ladies were present at the presentation.

A meeting of the supporters of the East Essex Hunt has been held at Braintree, under the presidency of Mr. Basil Sparrows. Captain White, Master of the Hunt, said he had placed his resignation in the hands of the secretary, Mr. Charles Page Wood, and could only withdraw it on condition that Sir Charles Du Cane and Mr. Round, M.P., gave written undertakings that they would preserve foxes on their estates. During the seven years that he had hunted the East Essex country he had found but one wild fox on the Braxted estate (Sir Charles Du Cane's), and but one in Layer Wood, the last time he drew it. Even this was a "bagman," and the hounds were too high-minded to give tongue to him. Several gentlemen warmly defended Sir Charles Du Cane and Mr. Round from the imputation of being fox-destroyers, pointing out in regard to Sir Charles that he had only just returned home after nearly seven years' absence as Governor of Tasmania. After considerable discussion the following resolutions were proposed:—1. "That Captain White be requested to continue the mastership for another year." 2. "That a small committee be appointed." 3. "That a new master be advertised for." The last proposition was carried by a majority in the proportion of three to one.



"WATERLOO" SKETCHES.



"My life upon her faith!"

"OTHELLO" AND "DESDEMONA," AFTER HERRICK.

## STUD NEWS.

The Stud Company (Limited), Cobham, Surrey.—Feb. 10, Mr. Richard Combe's Alberta, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 12, the Stud Company's Southern Cross, a colt by Hermit, and will be put to Adventurer; Feb. 13, Mr. H. Jones's Eastern Princess, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Catherine, a filly by Prince Charlie, and will be put to Blair Athol, and Margery Daw, slipped filly foal to Wild Oats or Blair Athol, and will be put to Carnival; Feb. 14, Mr. W. S. S. Crawford's Mrs. Waller, a colt by Cremorne, and will be put to See Saw, and Miss Roland, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Blair Athol: Feb. 10, Mr. W. R. Marshall's Mersey and Shannon; Feb. 16, Mr. A. Taylor's Aventuriere. Arrived to Carnival: Feb. 11, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Victoria Alexandra. Arrived to George Frederick: Feb. 11, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Phoebe Athol; Feb. 16, Mr. Tattersall's Oxford Mixture. Arrived to Caterer: Feb. 16, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Thorwater. Arrived to See Saw: Feb. 11, the Earl of Bradford's Zephyr (in foal to Parmesan) and Miss Pickle.

At Finstall Park Farm, Bromsgrove.—On Feb. 3, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Edith, by Oulston, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; Feb. 10, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Pardalote, by Stockwell, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and will be put to him again; Feb. 14, Mr. W. E. Everitt's Vagary, by Musjid, a bay or brown filly by Young Melbourne, and will be put to Paul Jones. The following mares have arrived to Cardinal York: On Feb. 8, Mr. Isaac Bate's Miss Fanny, in foal to Cardinal York; Feb. 12, Mr. James Terry's Whiteface, by Turnus, with a foal by Blinkhoolie, and Mr. J. Cookson's Methelin, by Caterer. Also arrived to Paul Jones: On Feb. 3, Captain Davison's Famine, by Daniel O'Rourke, in foal to the Palmer, and Mr. R. S. Cook's Sandstone, by Stockwell, barren to Win-low.

At the Glasgow Stud Farm, Enfield.—Feb. 12, Mr. Payne's Pintail, a chestnut colt by Toxophilite; on the 14th, Glasgow Stud's Sister to General Peel, a bay filly by Orest. Arrived to Toxophilite: Mr. Taylor's Ornament, barren, and La Voluse, in foal to Restitution.

At Elsham Hall Paddocks.—Jan. 26, Sir J. D. Astley's Lampon, a bay filly by Broomielaw; Feb. 5, Midwife, a bay filly by Broomielaw, to whom both the above mares have again been put. Feb. 6, Sir J. D. Astley's Tiny, a bay filly by Broomielaw, and has been put to Salvano. Arrived to Broomielaw: Mr. R. Howett's Propinquity, by Lord Clifden out of Affinity, maiden.

At the Devonport Stud Farm, Middleton-one-Row, near Darlington, Lady of the Tees, by Lord of the Isles, a bay colt by The Palmer, and will be put to him again.

At Baumber Park.—Mr. Sharpe's Isabel, twins (a colt and a filly), both dead, by Suffolk, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Suffolk: Mr. Kemp's Mabile, with filly foal by Merry Sunshine; Mr. Craven's Comedy, in foal to Pero Gomez.

At the Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster.—On the 7th inst., Mr. Pryor's Bonnie Katie, a bay filly by The Rake, and has been put to him again; on the 10th, Mr. Pryor's Sphinx, a chestnut colt by Friponnier, and will be put to him again; on the 12th, Mantilla, a chestnut colt by The Rake, and will be put to him again; on the 14th, Tragedy, a brown colt by The Rake, and will be put to him again. Arrived to The Rake: Mr. Somerset's Mayflower. To Friponnier: The Earl of Durham's Aramis, in foal to The Palmer.

At Mentmore, on Feb. 3, the Mentmore Stud's Tomato, a brown colt by Maudrake, and will be put to Macaroni; Feb. 6, Mr. Cookson's White Squall, a chestnut filly by Kingcraft, and will be put to Macaroni; Feb. 7, Prince Soltkyoff's Bounceaway, a bay filly by Restitution, and will be put to him again; Feb. 7, Mr. Lant's Sister to Elegance, a chestnut filly by Favonius, and will be put to him again. Arrived to King Tom: Sir Tatton Sykes's Marigold. To Macaroni: Lord Falmouth's Queen Bertha and Zingarella, and Sir Tatton Sykes's mare by King Tom out of Miss Agnes and mare by King Tom out of Little Agnes. To Favonius: Mr. Lant's South Hatch and Gold Pen and Mr. Wardell's Lucilla. To Restitution: Mr. Wardell's Night Thought, by Ely.

Wareham's Stud Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, Surrey. Feb. 8, Mr. Alexander's mare by Peon, her dam Stars and Stripes, a chestnut colt by Thunderbolt; on the 11th inst., Lord Alington's Carita, a chestnut colt by Marsyas; and on the 12th inst., Mr. Alexander's Minna, a chestnut filly by Thunderbolt. All the above mares will be put to Thunderbolt.

Hungerford House, Malton. At Mr. T. Anson's Blink Bonny Stud Farm, Malton, on Monday, Feb. 14, Alice, a brown colt by Adventurer, and will be put to Speculum.

Stud Farm, Tickhill, Rotherham.—On Feb. 4, Lord Scarborough's Fragrance, a colt by Strathconan, and put to Silvester. Arrived to Strathconan: Mr. R. Howett's Fravolo, barren, and his England's Queen, maiden; Earl of Durham's Frorry, barren; Mr. Leigh's Flying Sap, in foal to Lacydes; the Glasgow Stud's Flurry, in foal to Toxophilite, and Faraway, barren. Arrived to Silvester: Mr. Webster's Slut, barren.

Rufford Abbey, Feb. 1.—Chance, a bay colt by Cremorne, will be put to Parmesan. Feb. 4, Mayonaise, a bay colt by Parmesan, will be put to him again. Feb. 9, St. Angile, a bay colt by Cathedral, will be put to Parmesan. Arrived to Parmesan: Mr. Gibson's Red Leaf, and Cherwell, barren. Feb. 8, Cythian Princess, a chestnut filly by Blair Athol, will be put to Cremorne. Arrived to Cremorne: the Stud Company's Cellerima; Mr. Dawson's Lady Glenorchy.

At Bonehill Paddocks, the following mares have arrived to Pero Gomez: Baroness de Rothschild's Hippolyta, in foal to Adventurer, and Hippia filly, in foal to Joskin; Lord Strafford's Legacy, barren; and Mr. W. S. Crawford's Lancet and Juanita, both in foal to Rosicrucian. Arrived to Musket: Mr. Crawford's Wild Myrtle, maiden, and his Carina, in foal to Musket.

Swalcliffe Stud Farm, Banbury, Oxon.—Arrived to Barefoot: Mr. Bibby's Hoyabella and Mr. Gulliver's Battaglia. To Highlander: Mr. Washbourne's Golden Eagle and Mr. Gulliver's Lady Peel.

At Neasham Hall Stud Farm.—Pestilence, a brown colt by Palmer, and will be put to him again. The following have arrived to be put to Palmer: Lord Rosslyn's Lady Harcourt (by Breadalbane); Mr. Hughes's Araby's Daughter, Maid Servant (by Vedette), and mare by Romulus out of Atherstone's dam; and Mr. Batt's chestnut mare by Wallace out of Thorn's dam. The subscription to The Palmer is full.

At Water Tower Stud Farm, Rugby.—Quicksand by Touchstone, out of Celerity, a bay colt by Cremorne, and will be put to John Davis. Arrived to John Davis: Aster, by Asteroid out of Cavriana, in foal to Cardinal York; Sandstone, by Stockwell out of Silstone, barren to Winslow; Terre de Feu, by Nabob out of Nova, in foal to John Davis. To Mogador: Hagar, by Alarm out of Barbara, in foal to Paul Jones; Camelia, by Prime Minister out of Ethelinda, in foal to Mogador.

At Woodlands Stud.—On Feb. 3, Mr. Anstruther Harrison's Bonnie Rose (South Bank's dam), a grey colt by Strathconan, and will be put to Macgregor. The above-named mare foaled an hour or two after her arrival at Woodlands: this is running it rather close. On Feb. 4, Mr. A. Harrison's Changeable (Weathercock's dam), a filly by Knight of the Garter, and will

be put to Macgregor, to whom have arrived Mr. Etches's Cheesecake by Sweetmeat, barren to Favonius, and Fascination by Wild Dayrell, in foal to Macgregor. To Idus: Queen of the May (dam of Jack in the Green) by Oulston.

At Eaton Stud Farm the following mares have arrived from Sledmere, York: Feb. 4, Sir T. Sykes's Little Agnes, to be put to Doncaster; Feb. 8, from Baumber Park, to Mr. T. Sharpe's Highland Fling, in foal to Favonius, and will be put to Doncaster.

Landmark.—The following mares are already engaged to this horse: Mr. Milner's Lambda, the dam of Xi, Nu, and Omega; Omicron, the dam of Phi and Oberon; and Pi, by Defender out of Lambda; also, Captain Vyner's Gayous, half-sister to Organist, with filly foal by Landmark; Mr. Boston's Jessie, by King Tom, maiden, and mare by Broomielaw out of Maid of Napper, maiden.

At Blankney, near Sleaford, arrived to Hermit: Feb. 4, Mr. Crawford's Rub-a-dub, in foal to Hermit; Feb. 7, Sir Tatton Sykes's Miss Agnes and his Sweet Briar; Feb. 8, the Marquis of Huntley's Cinderina, in foal to Hermit; also, same day, the Earl of Bradford's Zelle, barren, and his Quick March, in foal to Hermit.

At Phantom House, Newmarket.—Jan. 31, Nudity, by Crater, a chestnut filly by Caterer, and will be put to Westminster.

At Sandgate Stud Farm, on Feb. 3, Fog, a brown colt by Rosierucian, and will be put to Siderolite. Arrived to Spennithorne: Mr. Fletcher's Norna, by Van Tromp, with a colt by The Miner.

At Heath House Stud Farm, Newmarket, on the 3rd inst., Lord Falmouth's Atlantis, by Thormanby, in foal to Adventurer, and Pet (dam of Peto and Glendale), in foal to Honiton, arrived to Kingcraft.

At Newbridge Hill Stud Farm, Feb. 4, Toison d'Or, a bay filly by Knight of the Garter, and will be put to Asteroid. Mr. Maule's Toxophilite and Clarissimus mares, barren, have arrived to Asteroid.

## Athletic Sports.

EVERYTHING has not been going on so well as could be wished at Oxford with the University Eight in regard to their preparation for the boat-race. Owing to the temporary indisposition of two of the crew, their practice has to some extent been interfered with; but, in spite of this drawback, they are, taken as a lot, quite as far advanced as might be expected at this early period of their probation. Although the crew may be considered as almost definitely settled, some slight changes have taken place since I last wrote about them, Michison and Boustead having changed places, and consequently sides, and they now row from the same thwarts as last year. Mr. Warre (late of Balliol) and Mr. Woodgate (late of Brasenose), both old "blues," have been down to Oxford to have a look at the eight; and I am more than pleased to observe that no radical change has taken place in consequence of their criticisms. On Thursday week their new boat—one of J. Clasper's masterpieces of the boatbuilder's art—was tried for the first time; and although the men are by no means so well together as they might be, she seems to suit the crew to a marvel, and there was much less unsteadiness than might have been anticipated. I shall have an opportunity later on of describing the boat more fully, and I shall content myself at present by merely stating that she is 58ft long and 25in at her greatest breadth of beam. The eight visit Eton on the day I write, their boat accompanying them; and they will remain the guests of the Provost until Saturday, when I hope to have a run down and obtain some idea of their form. At present I am informed they row a good long stroke, with plenty of dash, and are quick both with their hands and bodies, but that there is a great tendency to "bucket," owing to too fast a stroke being set them. The Cambridge crew seem still to be in a transition state, and change after change takes place in the eight until details become almost sickening; in short, I think it would puzzle the president of the C.U.B.C. himself to give a list of the men who will be likely to row at Putney. It is very certain that the eight originally selected were by no means the best men at his command, and to this fact he seems to have been at last fully aroused. True it is that they have a reserve four in training; but when first one man is shunted from the four to the eight, and then another, and these are chopped about from pillar to post, the issue must be very unsatisfactory to their supporters. Can all these changes be the result of the old party spirit which of old characterised the formation of the Cambridge crew, or is it that Mr. Close has so great a number of good men at his disposal that he does not know whom to select or whom to reject? For myself, I have my own opinion, which, perhaps, is better kept to myself. Unlike Oxford, they seem to have fallen into that dreadfully bad habit of rowing too slow a stroke, and, in consequence, the whole crew "hang" in a manner most painful to witness. I believe it is now certain that Rhodes will not row again this year; and, for the sake of the Cantabs, I deeply regret this fact, as, were he once more to act as stroke, the faults now so glaringly manifest would, doubtless, soon be eradicated.

In consequence of the various changes in the weather since my last week's jottings, fog, frost, and snow, all having had their turn, there is but little to chronicle about football. On Thursday, however, the second ties of the Inter-Hospital challenge cup were commenced at Kennington-oval, when St. George's were opposed to St. Thomas's. The ground was dreadfully hard, owing to the frost; but so eager for the fray were the "Sawbones," that it was determined to play, in spite of risking a broken limb or two. St. George's early in the game showed a marked superiority, and before half time had compelled their opponents to touch down twice in self-defence. Ends being changed, St. George's still further increased their advantage, and when time was called were hailed the winners by a touch in goal and seven touch-downs to nothing. This result was hardly unexpected; in fact, with Guy's, the holders last year, out of the way, I shall not trouble myself to look any further than to St. George's to supply the winner of the cup. St. Mary's and London, who, it will be remembered, played a drawn match in the first ties, were to have met on Friday; but, owing to the dense fog, the match did not take place. A postponement of the tie between University and Middlesex, on Monday, was also imperative, owing to the frightfully heavy state of the oval from the heavy downfall of snow on Sunday night and the subsequent thaw.

The annual athletic sports at Eton College were commenced on Wednesday, and, although the weather was anything but of an inviting nature, a large company was present. As might be imagined after the recent frost and snow, the going was the reverse of good, being very soft and yielding. As the sports are continued to-day (Thursday), I shall content myself by merely giving the results of the various events, premising that most of the running in all the competitions was fully up to the average. Scott-Chad won the School Hurdle Race by two yards from Cooper, Pares being a good third; time, 19sec. The Junior Hurdle Race was carried off by P. Turner, maj., Wellesley and Hohler being second and third respectively. In

the School Quarter-mile Race Manning carried off the first heat, with Dunning, maj., and Foley as his nearest attendants; while the second heat was won by Phillips, maj., Elliot and Forbes occupying the second and third places. The Junior Quarter was won by Cleave, Pott being second, and Barnes third.

The veteran Dufton and J. Fowler played 1000 up at billiards at the Stanley Arms, Camden Park-road, on Thursday week, the stake being £100 (?). Fowler was in receipt of 100 points start, but in spite of this Dufton fairly trod on his heels all the game, and eventually won by 250 points. Apropos of billiards, I notice that the champion, John Roberts, jun., is about to visit Australia on a professional tour at the end of next month. By this, I presume, that nothing will come of Cook's challenge to play him once more for the championship. Be this as it may, however, Roberts's admirers intend presenting him with a testimonial prior to his departure, and I understand it is definitely settled that he will have a benefit at St. James's Hall on March 17, when Cook and Stanley will play Roberts and Taylor in a four-handed game on an ordinary table. Before leaving the old country, however, he is matched to play Timbrell, of Liverpool, one of the best spot-stroke players extant, 1000 up, on an ordinary table, at St. James's Hall, next Monday for £600, Timbrell receiving 300 points start. I notice that Hart of the Gaiety is not satisfied with his late defeat by Fred Bennett, and has thrown out a challenge to play him for £50 a side, the spot stroke barred, Hart to receive 100 points in 1000. Among other items of billiards, Messrs. Turner and Price, of 367, Strand, are, I am told, about to organise a tournament on the American principle, in about a month's time, in which eight of our best players will take part. The first prize will be a table of their own manufacture, valued at £100, on which the handicap will be played, while other prizes will be allotted to the other successful competitors in a corresponding ratio to the profits of the speculation. The management of the whole affair has been intrusted to D. Richards, who already holds five guineas as a prize for the best average. It is with deep regret that I notice the death of Mrs. William Cook, the wife of the ex-champion and sister to the late Mrs. Joseph Bennett. Her decease took place on Wednesday week, after a long and painful illness.

Stanton, the long-distance bicycle-rider, has at length come to terms with Messenger, the long-distance champion of America. The race, which is to be for no less than 1000 miles for 600 dollars a side, is to take place at an early date at the Royal Skating Rink, New York. The winner is, in addition to the stakes, to receive the whole of the gate-money. Before leaving England, Stanton announces a benefit at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday next, when he will ride his bicycle fifty miles against four noted trotting horses, one horse only to trot at a time. It is stated that he has also backed himself, for £50, to beat the fastest time yet on record for fifty miles. This year, I understand, the bicycle-race between Oxford and Cambridge will not take place, as has formerly been the case, on the high road, but the venue will, in all probability, be changed to the Alexandra Park. The distance, fifty miles, has been agreed to by both Universities, but the time of racing is not at present finally settled.

Weston completed 180 miles 668 yards by the stipulated time on Thursday night. I defer full remarks until next week. He and A. Clark started on Tuesday night at a quarter to ten; and at twenty minutes to ten on Wednesday morning Clark gave up, after walking fifty-four miles and six laps, and left the American alone in his glory. EXON.

## THE CROYDON SKATING-RINK.

CROYDON rejoices in the possession of one of the prettiest skating-rinks yet established, and most thoroughly do the Croydonites enter into the enjoyment of their blessing. Wet or dry, foul or fair, the roll of wheels is constant until late in the evening; and when the evening grows dim, the covered rink bursts out all aglow with gas, and those who have been enjoying the outdoor rink, with its pretty island with large overhanging elms and rustic seats and bridge, flock in, and the nightly promenade commences to the lively strains of the band.

The open-air rink consists of a pretty oval lakelike piece of ground, with a grassy island in the centre, on which are arranged inviting seats. The island is reached by means of a rustic bridge high above the heads of the skaters, the steps of it leading down to the raised path which runs round the skating-ground and joins the great building of the covered rink. Outside is a pretty raised band-house, of a rustic character, and in summer a number of large sunshades of bright colours are erected for the comfort of loungers. Indoors, in this winter season, one may enjoy a seat in the rockery, which, like the rest of the building, is subtly heated by gas. There are capital arrangements for the entrance and exit of skaters and non-skaters, and also for the fitting on of the wheels. The refreshment department suffers sadly from a want of a license to vend something stronger and more comforting than lemonade or even coffee, which, undoubtedly, the high class of the visitors will warrant the magistrates in granting.

The covered rink is some 70ft by 46ft, and the outdoor covers 230ft. The establishment is the property of Mr. Cleaver, who is already well-known as a successful rink promoter; and, under the supervision of the courteous manager, Mr. Ross, the visitor finds everything work as smoothly as the most comfortable flooring and well-balanced wheels.

THE DEATH OF VISCOUNT EXMOUTH took place on Friday, Feb. 11, at his town residence, Prince of Wales's-terrace, Kensington, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His Lordship was at one time a regular frequenter of the more fashionable race-meetings, but of late years he was seldom seen even at Newmarket.

WHOLESALE DOG-POISONING IN THE SUBURBS.—There seems to be a determined continuance of wholesale dog-poisoning in the western suburbs. At Richmond, within the last week, no fewer than twenty-one dogs have been destroyed, one of which belonged to Dr. Anderson (a coach-dog), valued at £20; another (also a valuable animal) to Captain Horton, of Hermitage-road; also one belonging to Colonel Burdett, and one to Mr. Croft, of Richmond-hill, valued at £5; a valuable Maltese dog belonging to Mr. Walton, No. 31, Paragon, Richmond, was poisoned whilst in its master's garden; and a dog, valued at £10, belonging to Mr. Attenborough, of Twickenham, also died from poison lately in the Richmond streets. A reward of £20 has been offered for information; whilst at Shepherd's-bush, where a number of dogs have been poisoned, a reward of £50 has been offered on a conviction of the offenders. The agent by which this wholesale slaughter has been carried out is supposed to be strychnine.

SALE OF HONEYMOON.—Mr. Ford-Hutchinson has disposed of Honeymoon to Mr. W. H. Clark, of Hoyden, for £500, the bitch to be delivered up after her performance in the Waterloo Cup.

Racing Part.

BROMLEY SPRING STEEPLECHASES.

TUESDAY, FEB. 15.

A HUNTER'S FLAT RACE of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. Two miles. Mr. Fraser's Miss Doubtful, 6 yrs, 13st 3lb.....Mr. Yates 1 Mr. E. Brayley's Jack's Alive, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb.....Mr. Crawshaw 2 11 to 10 on Miss Doubtful. Won by twelve lengths.

The BROMLEY HURDLE-RACE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

Mr. Harvey's Austerlitz, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb.....R. P'Anson 1 Silverley, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb.....J. Prince 2 Rose Blush, aged, 12st 7lb.....Comber 3 Gamekeeper, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb.....J. Adams 0 East Acton, aged, 11st 5lb.....F. Lynham 0 Little Rover, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb.....Duffin 0 Worthy, aged, 10st 5lb.....A. Price 0 Blacksmith, aged, 10st 5lb.....Barlow 0 Austrey, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb.....Mr. W. Bambridge 0 2 to 1 agst Austerlitz, 100 to 30 agst East Acton, 5 to 1 agst Silverley, 11 to 2 agst Little Rover, 6 to 1 agst Austrey, 100 to 15 agst Gamekeeper. Won by six lengths; same distance separated second and third.

A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 50 sovs. Two miles and a half, over the New Course.

Mr. A. Yates's Crawler, aged, 13st.....Owner 1 Whirlwind, aged, 12st.....Mr. Holland 2 L'Eclair, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb.....Mr. Headley 3 3 to 1 on Crawler. Won by eight lengths; bad third.

A SELLING STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 25 added. About two miles.

Mr. B. Harvey's De la Motte, aged, 11st 11lb (£30).....R. P'Anson 1 Dunois, aged, 11st 11lb (£30).....Murphy 2 Edward, aged, 12st (£50).....Mr. R. Shepherd 3 Bridget, aged, 11st 11lb (£30).....Lord M. Beresford 0 7 to 4 on De la Motte, 3 to 1 agst Edward, 10 to 1 agst Dunois. Won by four lengths; bad third. Winner sold to Mr. Digby for 405gs.

THE RAILWAY STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. About two miles.

Mr. T. V. Morgan's St. David, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb.....R. P'Anson 1 Stanton, aged, 11st 2lb.....F. Lynham 2 Summice, 5 yrs, 10st.....Allen 3 Prince Patrick, aged 11st 5lb.....Halls 0 Outpost, aged, 10st 7lb.....Colonel Harford 0 Wasp, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb.....Little 0 5 to 4 agst Stanton, 2 to 1 agst Prince Patrick, 7 to 1 agst St. David, 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three parts of a length; six lengths between second and third.

SELLING HURDLE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 25 added. About one mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. B. Harvey's Helsthorpe, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb (£30).....R. P'Anson 1 Mr. A. Yates's Brunswick, aged, 12st (£50).....Mr. Yates 2 7 to 4 on Helsthorpe. Won by twelve lengths. Winner sold to Mr. T. Case-Walker for 110gs.

MAIDEN HURDLE STAKES of 30 sovs. One mile and a half, over six hurdles.

Mr. W. Vallender's Cocotte, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb.....Penfold 1 Mr. Savage's Framboise, aged, 12st 2lb.....G. Lowe 0 Betting opened at 6 to 4 on Framboise and closed at 11 to 8 on Cocotte. Won by twenty lengths.

WEDNESDAY.

HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE of 40 sovs. One mile and three-quarters.

Mr. J. Hill's Outrigger, 5 yrs, 12st.....Mr. Laxton 1 Helena, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb (£200).....Owner 2 Duchess of Gloucester, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (£200).....Lord M. Beresford 3 Miss Doubtful, 6 yrs, 13st 7lb.....Mr. A. Yates 0 L'Eclair, 6 yrs, 12st.....Mr. Hadley 0 7 to 4 agst Miss Doubtful, 2 to 1 agst Outrigger, 3 to 1 agst Duchess of Gloucester. Won by eight lengths; half a length between second and third.

STEEPLECHASE PLATE (Handicap) of 50 sovs. Two miles.

Mr. T. V. Morgan's St. David, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb (inc. 7lb ex).....R. P'Anson 1 Hilarity, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb.....Hales 2 Wasp, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb.....Little 3 Melusine, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb.....Cassidy 0 Outpost, aged, 11st 7lb.....Colonel Harford 0 Corail, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb.....Owner 0 Minnie, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb.....May 0 Bretby, aged, 10st 7lb.....Mr. Hobson 0 Even on St. David, 3 to 1 agst Hilarity, 7 to 1 agst the others. Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

The BICKLEY STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 3 sovs each, with 20 added. Two miles.

Mr. A. Poole's Lady Kew, aged, 12st.....Hales 1 Mr. E. Woodland's Master Richard, aged, 11st 7lb.....Didman 2 3 to 1 on Lady Kew. Won by ten lengths. Winner sold for 110gs to Mr. B. Harvey.

KENT OPEN HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 3 sovs each, with 20 added. Two miles.

Mr. Jesse Winfield's Birdcatcher, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb.....P'Anson 1 Mr. A. Poole's Hilarity, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb.....Hales 2 6 to 1 on Birdcatcher. Won by three-quarters of a length.

BECKENHAM HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 1 ft, with 40 added. One mile and a half.

Mr. C. Bush's Little Rover, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb.....J. Adams .1 Balquhider, aged, 10st 9lb.....Ashmun 2 Hermitta, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb.....Davis 3 Austerlitz, 4 yrs, 11st (inc. 7lb ex).....R. P'Anson 0 Framboise, aged, 10st 9lb.....G. Lowe 0 Patrick, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb.....Cassidy 0 Silverley, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb.....J. Prince 0 5 to 2 agst Austerlitz, 3 to 1 each agst Silverley and Hermitta, 5 to 1 agst Little Rover. Won by twenty lengths; bad third.

SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE of 40 sovs. One mile and a half.

Mr. Weaver's Shy Girl, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb.....Harcastle 1 Decoy, 4 yrs, 11st.....Little 2 Old Harry, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb.....Murphy 3 Strong-I'-th'-Arm, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb.....Mr. F. G. Hobson 0 Brunswick, aged, 12st 4lb.....Owner 0 Castille, 5 yrs, 12st.....Didman 0 5 to 2 agst Old Harry, 3 to 1 agst Strong-I'-th'-Arm, 4 to 1 agst Shy Girl. Won by three lengths; same between second and third.

HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 40 sovs. Two miles and a half. Was declared void.

TATTERLALL'S INNER RING at NEWMARKET.—The Sportsman of Saturday last announced that the Jockey Club had at length decided upon pugging the Ring at Newmarket of the welching fraternity who manage, by hook or by crook, to squeeze themselves into the inclosure set apart for the members of Tattersall's. Following that announcement, the authorities at Tattersall's, on Monday last, posted the subjoined notice in the Subscription-Room:—"Provided a sufficient number of annual subscribers can be obtained, it is intended by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to reserve a special inner ring at Newmarket for the exclusive use and convenience of members of Tattersall's; and gentlemen who, not being themselves members, may be introduced by due proposal and seconded by two such members. The terms of annual subscription will be £10 10s. [ten guineas] to members of Tattersall's, each of whom will be provided by the Jockey Club with a distinguishing badge, and such gentlemen as may be introduced will be charged at the rate of £2 2s. [two guineas] for each meeting. With a view to expedite matters as far as possible, and in order that the Stewards of the Jockey Club may know how many badges may be required, it is important that members should at once send in their names to Mr. Sydney Smith, Boy-court, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C."

THE OBJECTION TO BIRD-CATCHER for the Middle Park Hurdle Handicap at Eltham, on the ground of being incorrectly described, has been withdrawn.

LA MARCHE STEEPLECHASES, which should have taken place on Sunday near Paris, were postponed till Thursday on account of frost.

BROMLEY SECOND SPRING MEETING is announced for March 10 and 11, being the two days following the Croydon big meeting.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING.—A number of stakes for the approaching Lincoln fixture are advertised to close on Tuesday next, Feb. 22, among the more important items being the Yarborough Handicap of 150 sovs; the Trial Handicap of 100 sovs; the Lindum Steeplechase and the Eltham Hurdle Race, each with 100 sovs added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; and the Stonebow Hurdle Plate (handicap) of 80 sovs.

NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING.—Entries for the two Hunters' Stakes for this meeting close on Tuesday next. The entrance money to both races is reduced from 3 sovs to 2 sovs.

SEDFIELD HUNT STEEPLECHASES are fixed to be held on Tuesday, April 4.

NEWPORT (COUNTY TIPPERARY, IRELAND) RACES will be held on Tuesday, March 14.

LONDONDERRY (IRELAND) RACES are to be held on Thursday and Friday, July 27 and 28.

MESSRS. LAWRY AND FORD have been appointed handicappers at Manchester in place of Mr. R. Johnson, who formerly held that position.

MR. W. VALLENDER is rapidly recovering from his recent accident. He is said to be sufficiently well to have left the Windsor Infirmary.

SIR ROBERT.—The Stewards of the Windsor Meeting have decided not to entertain the objection lodged against this horse for the Selling Hunters' Stakes, on the ground of its having been made too late.

THE OBJECTION TO MOONLIGHT for the Hunters' Stakes at Eltham has been decided against him, and the race awarded to Brother to Portflower.

NEWMARKET CRABEN MEETING.—Captain Bayley's Azov was accidentally included among the acceptances for the Newmarket Handicap, instead of Princess Bon Bon, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb.

PRODIGAL should have been included in the acceptances for the Chester Cup.

DEATH OF A STEEPLECHASE JOCKEY.—Mr. George Darby, the celebrated steeplechase jockey, died at his residence at Rugby, on the 10th inst., through injuries received at the Birmingham steeplechases, on Tuesday week, when he was thrown when riding Pearl King. He was highly respected by all who knew him, both on the turf and in the neighbourhood of Rugby.

LANCET.—In the Court of Bankruptcy at Dublin on Tuesday Mr. S. M. Uppington, the owner of Lancel and other racehorses, came up for examination. Among other details it transpired that Mr. R. Porter and George Fordham had stated that Lancel was worth £2000, whereupon the judge recommended that in the event of that amount being tendered for the horse it should be accepted; but should it turn out that Lancel might fail to realise the sum mentioned, then the Court would advise that £1500 be taken. It was ultimately agreed that the motion should stand over for a week.

DEATH OF ADAMAS.—Mr. W. Robinson, of Castle Eden, has had the misfortune to lose the well-known stallion Adamas, who died recently, after a few days' illness, from constipation of the bowels. He was by Touchstone out of Ada Mary, by Bay Middleton, and was foaled in 1854. When three years old he won for Mr. Mellish the City and Suburban Handicap, and on the same day was beaten only a head from Poodle for the Metropolitan Stakes, George Fordham riding him for both events. For the Derby won by Blink Bonny, Adamas, ridden by Wells, finished third to Black Tommy, the verdict being a neck, a short head, and a neck, Strathnaver being placed fourth.

THE TURF AT PHILADELPHIA DURING THE EXPOSITION.—We read in the New York Sportsman that "The Point Breeze Park Association propose to make Philadelphia attractive to the lovers of the turf during the centennial exposition. A programme has been marked out for six trotting meetings and two running meetings. Mr. J. D. Ferguson, of the Maryland Jockey Club, has been engaged to superintend the running meetings. The inaugural running meeting will commence on Saturday, June 24, with the Inaugural Sweepstakes, for all ages; 500 sovs. entrance, half forfeit, 5000 sovs. added; 100 sovs. to second horse."

SANDOWN PARK CLUB FIRST SPRING MEETING.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2.

THE HOME COUNTIES' GRAND HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; winner of a hurdle race (selling races excepted) after Feb. 10, at noon, 5lb extra; of 100 sovs, 10lb extra; second to receive 25 sovs. About two miles. 39 subs, of whom 21 pay 3 sovs each to the fund.

Age	st	lb	Age	st	lb
Oxonian.....	a	12 7	Peep o' Day.....	4	10 6
Revenge.....	a	12 0	Friar Tuck.....	4	10 6
Peeping Tom.....	5	11 12	Rattle Away.....	a	10 6
Whitebait.....	5	11 0	Sivori.....	4	10 6
Lady of the Lake.....	5	11 0	Dagolino.....	4	10 4
Castle Wellan.....	5	10 11	Little Boy Blue.....	4	10 2
Leveret.....	4	10 10	Lyton.....	4	10 0
Hessleden.....	6	10 9	Agnes Peel.....	5	10 0
Rougemont (late Lord Rosebery).....	4	10 7	Challenger.....	4	10 0

FRIDAY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, with 300 added; the winner of a steeplechase after Feb. 10, at noon, 5lb; of 100 sovs, 10lb extra; second to receive 50 sovs; third, 25 sovs. About three miles and a quarter. 26 subs, of whom 14 pay 3 sovs each to the fund.

Age	st	lb	Age	st	lb
Oxonian.....	a	12 7	Daniel.....	5	10 13
Revenge.....	a	12 4	Régénérateur.....	5	10 12
Regal.....	5	12 0	Rattle Away.....	a	10 10
Daybreak.....	a	12 0	His Lordship.....	6	10 9
Derviche.....	a	11 5	Spectre.....	a	10 9
Little Tom.....	a	11 5	Chancellor.....	6	10 0

A COLONIAL ANTI-BETTING CRUSADE.

MR. TERRY (not the popular actor at the Strand Theatre, but a member of the New South Wales Parliament) is evidently a bold, if not a very wise, individual. Animated by a spirit similar to that which caused the late Sir Peter Laurie to regard himself as a public benefactor, he has announced his intention to "put down" betting in the colony of which he is a native (a "cornstalk," in local phraseology), and with that view has submitted a betting bill of unusually stringent character to the consideration of his fellow-legislators. Now it is not denied in the colony, any more than in this country, that betting is an evil; but men are by nature gamblers, and, although the passion can be controlled, it cannot be eradicated. It is one thing to attempt the regulation of the betting system, by suppressing many of the abuses which have sprung up in connection therewith, and another to declare all betting illegal. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Terry modestly demands. The English law is content with the suppression of betting-offices and professional betting. Mr. Terry would make it a misdemeanour for a young lady to win a single pair of Houbigants on the issue of a horse-race. What a shocking want of gallantry! Surely there must be some chivalrous feeling left among colonial legislators to prevent the consummation of such an act of folly. No one would blame Mr. Terry for proposing to declare betting-houses illegal, or to protect the public from the artful devices of dishonest persons who, after receiving money as stakes, think fit to decamp; but when he would prohibit betting in any "room, office, or place," he goes a step too far. If such prohibition were to take effect, it would not prevent men from secretly gambling, but it would go a long way to destroy the present high standard of horse-racing. Very few horses are run merely for the sake of winning. Every owner would have to be a Rothschild to enable him to enjoy such a costly pleasure, for it is rarely that the stakes are of sufficient value to defray the cost of stable keep, leaving alone all other expenses. If betting was to be declared illegal we should have no Derby, no Ascot, no Newmarket, for it would not pay anyone to breed race-horses. A colt that now would bring £500 or £1000 would not then find a purchaser at one-tenth of his value, for how could his owner expect to recoup the outlay? As a natural result, the national pastime would degenerate, the number of good horses in the field would annually become less and less, and in the course of time the thoroughbred race-horse would take its place with the dodo and other extinct creatures. There is a medium in all things. Prohibit abuse if you will, but do not interfere with proper use. This is our advice to Mr. Terry and his English sympathisers, for it is no secret that there are certain individuals who are desirous of effecting in this country the same results which Mr. Terry proposes to achieve in New South Wales. Blessed, however, are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.

ALWYNE VILLIERS.

A SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN CHINA.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Daily News from Peking, under date of Dec. 4, 1875:—"I came back from my Mongolian trip a week ago yesterday. We had a splendid trip. We travelled very comfortably, with all our baggage, &c., in six carts, while we rode on ponies. We also had a little two-wheeled carriage with springs, made on a Russian model, which we sometimes went in as a change from riding, and in which we put coats, furs, cartridges, &c. We had each a Chinese servant, besides R.'s French servant, who acts as a sort of major-domo over all his Chinese; also two mafus, a falconer, who also looked after the dogs, and R.'s Chinese cook. We first of all went to Ku-Pei-Kou, a town about eighty miles to the north-north-east of Peking, where we passed through the Great Wall. From there we went north-west for a few days to a place in some very wild country, where there are all sorts of game. We stayed there more than a week, in a mud-built inn, in a valley among

wooded mountains, and there we shot two crosopitilans, or hochi, as the Chinese call them. These birds are, I suppose, about the rarest game in the world, as I think they are only known in the mountains there and in some places still further west in Mongolia. They look rather like a sort of cross between turkeys and pheasants. They are much bigger than pheasants, but smaller than turkeys—black body, red legs, and two long grey curved feathers in the tail. They are magnificent birds. I shot the first, thereby winning a sweepstakes we had made for them, and D. the second. I believe I am either the third or fourth European that has ever killed one. At this place we were extremely astonished to discover trout, which have hitherto not been supposed to exist in China or its adjoining parts at all. I caught one with my hands. They are just like the English trout, only with black spots instead of red ones. From there we went north-east for several days, stopping at two or three places for shooting. Pheasants were what we had come for principally, but we only found one very good place for them, for the other shooting-grounds which R. had been to before we found all burnt bare and black. We saw at least two hundred square miles of burnt country there. It is a great shame, and I do not know what they do it for. They say it is to drive the pheasants into places where they snare them. We stayed for a good many days in the house of a native landowner at the best place. He invited us, and treated us very hospitably. The furthest point we reached was about 300 odd miles from Peking. We were among mountains the whole time after passing Ku-Pei-Kou, and we got up to a good height above the sea, as the ground rose nearly the whole way. It had got rather late in the season, so it was getting cold as we came home. Altogether we killed between 600 and 700 head of game. We had no accidents, except that R.'s foot got bad for three days during the best of the shooting, and that one of the dogs got a horrible complaint and had to be shot, as it was infectious or contagious. It was some kind of mortification, and quite incurable. The trip did us all good. We came back much browner and stronger. We were away just fifty days."

Chess.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. BOWYER.—Again we regret to say that the problem sent is too simple for our columns.

A. G. F.—If you will look at the position again, you will see that there is no mate in the main variation of your problem. Besides, the idea is very simple and not original.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from I. S. T., A. J. S., Munden, W. H. Anderson, and J. Wickham. That by T. F. C. H. is wrong.

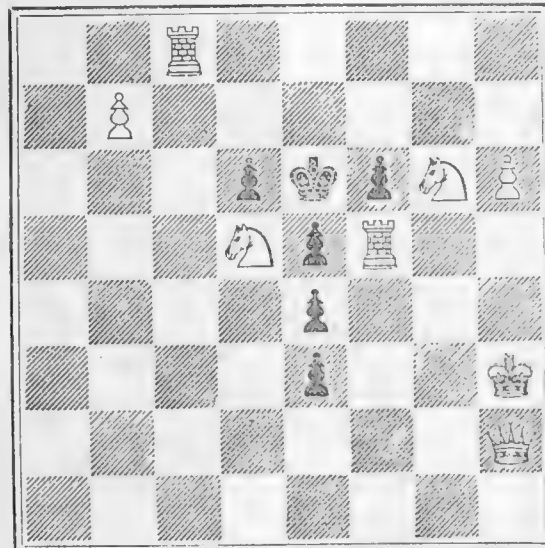
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 86.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K B 7. Anything. 2. Q, R, or P mates.

PROBLEM No. 87.

By Mr. HAWKINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

We give below another Game in the recent Match between Messrs. ALBERONI and ENSOU.

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	27. P to K Kt 4	R to Q Kt sq
2. P to K B 3	K to Q B 3	28. B to Q 2	P to Q Kt 5
3. B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3	29. K to Kt 2	P to Q 4 (c)
4. B to R 4	K to K B 3	30. P takes P	R takes P
5. P to Q 3	P to Q 3	31. B to B sq	Q R to Q sq
6. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	32. R takes R	R takes R
7. P to K R 3	P to K R 3	33. K to K B 3	P to K Kt 1
8. Castles	B to K 2	34. P to Kt 5 (d)	R P takes P
9. K to Q B 3	Castles	35. B takes P	K to Kt 2
10. Kt to K 2	P to Q B 4	36. B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
11. Kt to K Kt 3	K to K R 2	37. P takes P	K takes P
12. Kt to K R 2	P to K B 4	38. R to K 2	K to B 3
13. P to K B 4	P takes K P	39. R to K B 2	R to Q sq
14. Q P takes P	B to Q Kt 2	40. K to K 4 (ch)	K to K 3
15. P to K B 5 (a)	B to K R 5	41. R to Kt 2	R to Q 5 (ch)
16. Q to K B 3	K to K B 3	42. K to K 3	R to K R 5
17. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch)	K to R 2	43. R to K Kt 3	P to Q R 4
18. Q takes B	B takes Kt	44. K to Q 2	P to Q B 5
19. Kt to K B 3	Q to Q Kt sq (b)	45. P to Q R 3	R to Q 5 (ch)
20. Q to Q B 6	Q to Kt 3	46. K to K 2	R to K 5 (ch)
21. Q takes Q	P takes Q	47. K to Q 2	R to K B 5
22. Kt to Q 2	B to B 5	48. P takes P	P takes P
23. R to R sq	B takes Kt	49. R to K Kt 2	K to Q 4
24. B takes B	P to Q Kt 4	50. K to K 2	P to K 4
25. B to Q R 5	Q R to Q R 2	51. R to K R 2	R to R 5
26. Q R to Q sq	R to Q 2	52. K to Q 2	K to Q 4.

and after a few more move the game was drawn.

(a) Perhaps dangerous, leaving his K's P without the necessary support, particularly if it comes to an end game.

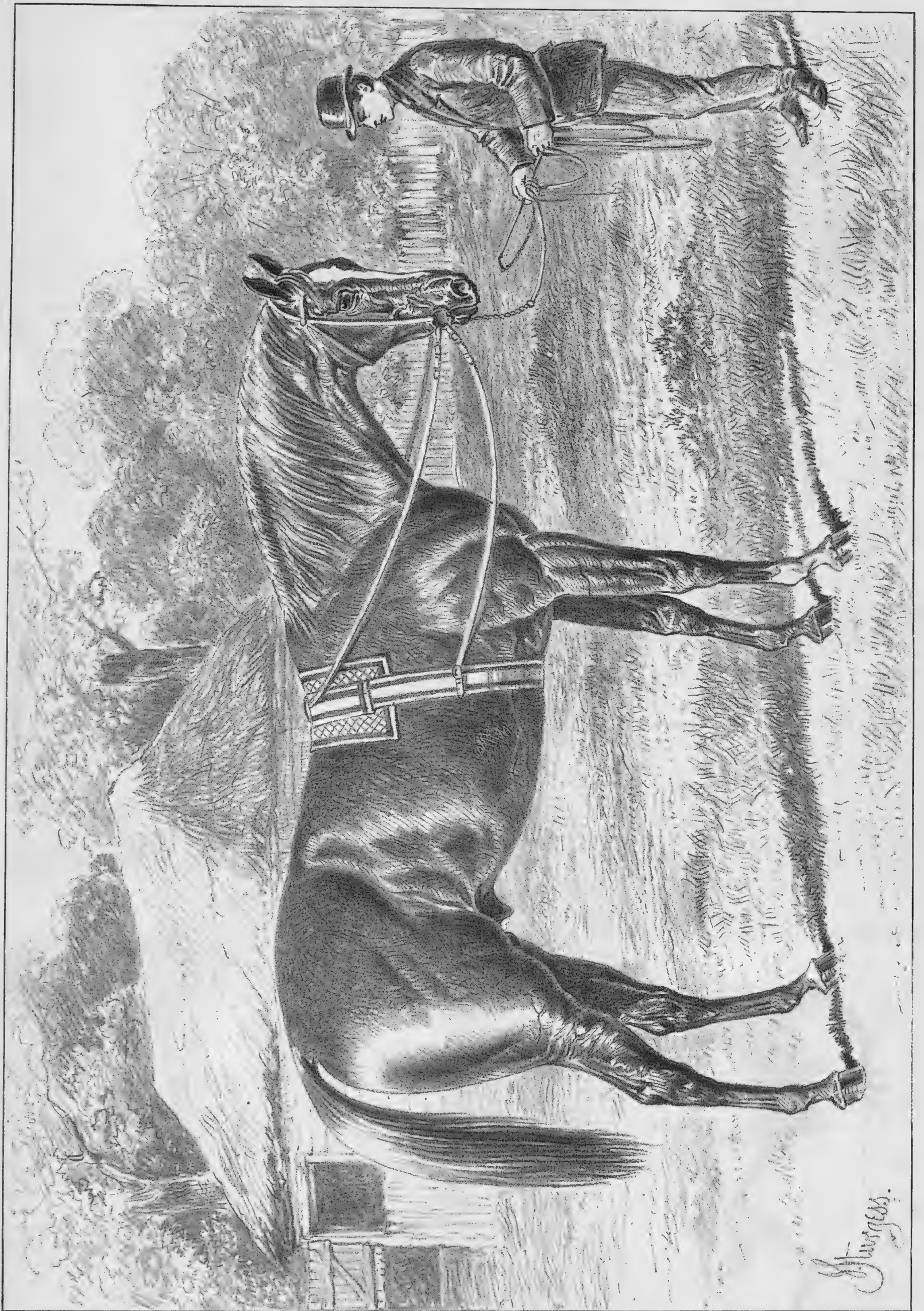
(b) Q to Q 2 would perhaps have been better, threatening to win a Pawn.

(c) Premature and risky.

(d) Very weak, giving away all the advantage obtained of the premature advance of Black's Q P.

(e) It seems as though Mr. Alberoni had a slight advantage, having his Pawn in the centre, but he does not play this end game as accurately as he is accustomed to play in such positions.

FLORIDINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floridine removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 498, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[Advrt.]



FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.—GEORGE FREDERICK.

## Our Captious Critic.

A PAMPHLET lately published, amongst other veracious information, discloses the name of the *original* Captious Critic. I would the gentleman in question were the Captious Critic now. For I assure you, my faithful readers, that during the twelve long months in which I have striven to point the moral



*Mr. Irving as "Othello, or the infuriated Sepoy."*

and adorn the tale, I have more than once groaned inwardly with a poignant sense of my shortcomings, and wished that Heaven had made me such a man.

'Tis true that I have not laboured all in vain to amuse ye. I' faith I have a pretty wit and a quaint turn for lively jesting. I can spin ye a stanza or two with the best of them. But I am a bad critic. There's no use in my trying to conceal it from you any longer. I may as well confess at once that my utterances upon the drama are neither profound nor acute. I lack that philosophic urbanity which distinguishes my critical brethren. Neither do I possess their erudition. I do not understand the meaning of hard words, such as psychology, &c. Though, mind you, I would not hesitate to use them, for all that, if I thought they would come in well. I could no more write a novel than I could preach a sermon. Therefore I hasten to correct a report which has lately been circulating to the effect that I am the author of a certain three-volume novel called "Clytie." I assure you solemnly (which is language I would not use were I not in earnest) that I never wrote a single line of that novel. A man told me that it was written by the author of "The Popular Idol;" but there's no believing anything one hears nowadays.

Yet, in spite of all my disabilities, I possess one qualification for the office I hold—namely, I have been, in vulgar idiom, "through the mill."

You would bless yourself could you hear some of my theatrical experiences. And some day I will write a few of them in



*Passion*

a book, which I promise you shall not be an expensive one. The obscurity of my origin I will not attempt to deny; indeed, where would be the use? For I am so well known in the profession, both in this country and in the colonies, that any attempt to pass myself off as other than I am would be met with instant ridicule and exposure. And, after all, what have I to be ashamed of in the humble beginning from which I have climbed to fame and fortune? Though, like Shakspeare, I have "small Latin and less Greek," yet my long and hard experience as a "scene-painter, who can act if required," has taught me that thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the stage, its business, and effects, which so distinguishes me from all the other critics upon the press, daily or weekly.

I cannot have been more than twelve years of age when my nurse (for I was brought up by hand, and never knew the inestimable blessing of a parent's love) sold me to the proprietor of a travelling-booth, who endeavoured to make an acrobat of me (*ackriback* he spelt it in a letter which I still preserve); but, being slightly deformed about the left eye, my training was so difficult that he abandoned the project, and successfully endeavoured to make me generally useful. In the paint-room I soon discovered my aptitude for sketching, which has since obtained me such great renown. To this beautiful art I owe more than I can say. In the year '50, I think it was, having the misfortune to be thrown out of work by the bankruptcy of 'a manager—he, by-the-way, is now a wealthy and prosperous man, and well remembers the incident: he owes me fifteen shillings to this day for two weeks' salary—I supported myself during a whole summer season by travelling from village to village and executing silhouette portraits, at which I was rather clever. When I think that at that period of life, when all the other dramatic critics were at Eton or Oxford laying in those stores of



*Mr. Irving's Elmer*

erudition which they can so freely command I—the Captious Critic—was wandering precariously over the face of the earth, I feel a pardonable pang of regretful pride. Regretful of the advantages which were denied me, I am proud of the position to which I have raised myself. I need hardly say that I learned to read by spelling out the names on shop-windows and door-plates. To the study of the latter (especially at such times as when the early housemaids were furbishing them) I attribute the extraordinary polish and brightness of my style, though an ill-natured critic, who was aware of my early history, once described it as being "like sounding brass." I can afford, however, to bear such sneers with equanimity, since that fortune which deprived me of the advantages of scholastic training has provided me with that unexampled experience of the histrionic art which render my criticisms the wonder of the age.

Although in this country I was never afforded an opportunity of playing any but small "utility" parts, yet in Australia (where I am well known) I have undertaken successively the important rôles of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello. So that it will be seen it was ever my ambition to essay the higher walks of art.

I trust, therefore, that these few personal remarks will not bring upon me a charge of egotism. I should feel inexpressively grieved did I imagine that any of my readers could doubt my sincerity. Away with such thoughts! My dear,

my generous patrons, I have the most implicit confidence in you. I have hidden nothing from you. I have told you all. Therefore I no longer fear that you will be led astray in your conclusions regarding my identity by the covert insinuations of any scurrilous pamphlet.

And now to business. I went punctually to the Lyceum, on Monday, to witness the third great Shakspearean revival. My impression was generally favourable. I think it is more complete in mounting, scenery, and costume than either of the preceding revivals. The chiefly remarkable feature of the acting is the Iago of Mr. Forrester. It is a



quite unconventional and exceedingly intelligent performance of a character which has been more obscured by stage tradition than perhaps any other in Shakspeare. Not many years ago the best critics would have cried down such rendering of Iago as Mr. Forrester's with vehemence. The conventional notion of the wily "ancient" was firmly believed in by the public. For instance, as I have seen Mr. John Ryder play the part, it was rendered as a sort of Mephistopheles, who, while he is gulling his master, winks aside to the audience, as one who should say, "Between ourselves, am I not fooling him nicely?" By discarding all the old ideas, and interpreting the character in a natural, easy manner, Mr. Forrester has presented the public with one of the best Shakspearean illustrations that have lately been seen in London. He was well supported by Mrs. Crowe as Emilia. She played the part in a solid, effective manner, which showed a genuine appreciation of it. I liked this actress better in this part than in any I have seen her play since Medea.

The account I have given of myself above will be a sufficient excuse for my not attempting to criticise Mr. Irving's Othello. I am quite unable to do it. I am a great believer in Mr. Irving's genius as a comedian and character actor. I believe him to be the one English actor who can elevate melodrama into the region of fine art. His Othello I would willingly forget if I could. If I attempted to offer an opinion upon it, I should say that Mr. Irving has followed the example of those imbecile young painters who called themselves pre-Raphaelite about twenty-five years ago, and, instead of giving a portrait of Shakspeare's noble Moor, he has produced a distorted and repulsive caricature. He has mistaken eccentricity for art, and has expended much labour and study to produce an utterly incorrect impersonation. As Desdemona Miss Isabel Bateman was over-weighted, and much too lachrymose. Mr. Brooke gave a spirited and excellent performance of Cassio; I have never seen it so effectively played.

If it were not for the name of Mr. Carton in the bill, I should have thought that Roderigo was played by a girl. The minor parts were satisfactorily played. Again, to allude to the scenery, it is quite exquisite, and the artist, Mr. Hawes Craven, deserves great praise.



*Epit Othello*

## Reviews.

*All the World Over.* Vol. II. London: Thos. Cook and Son.

This is the Cook's Tourist Magazine *par excellence*, and, in the best sense of the phrase, it is worthy of him. Although the traveller whom Mr. Cook's world-wide enterprise has called into being has become a standing joke with writers of burlesque, and playwrights of similar calibre; and is too frequently used to give flavour to a jest by contributors to the comic periodicals, we respect him. If he cannot travel like a Prince, he is surely justified in gratifying his wholesome desire to see the world in the cheapest manner that is consistent with ease and comfort. A wanderer whose means do not enable him to hire the whole of a courier is excusable if he contributes his mite towards securing the fraction of one. *All the World Over* is edited by Mr. Edwin Hodder, himself a traveller of some experience, who has, on the whole, done his work in a worthy manner. Mr. Heath's story, "A Love Chase," is not thrillingly interesting, but it is harmless and decidedly somniferous, which, if the book be intended for Sunday reading, is a comfortable quality for a story to possess. Many of the papers on travel, especially those by the editor, will repay perusal, and there is a capital description of field sports in Ceylon from the pen of John Capper. We have an idea that we have seen several of the engravings elsewhere. The volume contains half a dozen remarkably intelligible maps.

*One in a Crowd.* A novel. In two volumes. By ISABELLA WALKER. Charing-cross Publishing Company.

The key-note of this half-monkish, half-musical, and altogether grandiose novel is very properly struck in the prologue, thus:—"The hopeless serf who toiled for his daily bread, and whose tomorrow was but a counterpart of the present and a reflex of the past, bounded by a dark and sunless future, has merged into the free man, who recognises the true beauty and nobility of work, and claims as his privilege a share in the mighty scheme of progress. In this federation a cycle is as yesterday, and the toil of a generation counts but as a unit of time—a grain of sand on the seashore; yet not a single effort is lost. It numbers amongst its votaries every age and nation, high and low, rich and poor—all who join in the watchword 'Forward!' which rings, clarion-toned, through the ignorance and sin of ages." "The vernal equinox" is raging with "unusual fury round the sea-girt coast"—is "lashing the shores of La Belle France." "Wind and sea, the true leviathans of the deep," are "vying with each other in the work of destruction," as we are introduced by the authoress to the monastery of St. Roque, which is situated on the aforesaid coast (of Picardy), and is inhabited by the Trappist Fathers. The hero, one Noël Raymond, to whom we are also introduced, is in a brown study. His musings, however, are not commonplace. They embrace Bayard the peerless knight, Newton and Linnaeus, Michael Angelo and Raphael, Handel and Wolfgang Mozart. An account of the foundation of the order of La Trappe and a recital of the woes of the Waldenses lead up in the most natural manner to a description of Père Raymond, Noël's foster-father. The Père is of noble birth: Noël is a founding. The latter interesting babe grows up, tenderly nurtured by his discoverer until he poses before our admiring gaze as a lay brother of unusual comeliness and vast musical genius. His volubilities on the organ are the pride of the monastery, and in due time when he has decided to face the world he enters upon the office of organist at the cathedral of the neighbouring town of Anvers-sur-Mayenne. He meets what novelists and poets would call "his fate." She, Gabrielle de Brissac, "only child of Le Count de Brissac," "is very lovely, with the soft, dark eyes, rippling chestnut hair, and tall, commanding stature, but rarely seen amongst her countrywomen." In due time he declares his passion, and is spurned by the angelic being with rather more contempt than she would have bestowed on an intruding toad. He leaves her—the line must be drawn somewhere—and in a very short time comes to grief in Paris. In the last extremity of poverty and despair he finds another organ, and once again his playing is the theme of fervid admiration amongst those who are fortunate enough to hear it. But he must fulfil his destiny. He returns to Anvers-sur-Mayenne to find that Gabrielle has pined to death, for his sake, in a convent—in time to gaze upon the dead face of his foster-father, Raymond. His not altogether unreasonable attempt to commit suicide is frustrated by the watchful monks of La Trappe, and he ends his days—the mystery of his parentage remaining unsolved—a great musician. "And Noël Raymond, when he wields the bâton in the orchestra and directs his own wonderful harmonies, lifts it up high in air, and muttering to the god of harmony, who watches over him, 'Excelsior,' continues to aspire upwards, onwards to the end—to work, to labour—determined to rest not—to faint not by the way." Whether it was worth while going through so much to accomplish so little is a fair question for discussion. For ourselves, we bid adieu with feelings of extreme pleasure to the most uncomfortable hero of romance we have encountered for a long time. Our advice to the authoress is that she suffer some years to elapse—say ten—ere writing another novel.

*Black-Eyed Susan's Boys.* By BLANCHARD JERROLD. Frederick Warne and Co.

Mr. Plimsoll's noble efforts to clear our ports of coffin-ships have from time to time been enthusiastically supported by the versifier and novelist; but it is due to Mr. Blanchard Jerrold to say that his contribution to the literature of the subject is the most picturesque and forcible that has yet appeared. The story is well and succinctly told. There is a briny flavour about it which will make it palatable in the proper quarter. His sailors talk and act like sailors. The incidents of the story are facts of everyday experience set down in the simplest, and therefore in the most directly dramatic form. Moreover, although there is scarcely a character in the book who would not render a good account of himself before an audience at the Surrey Theatre, all the people stand forth wearing the rugged appearance of reality that is characteristic of an untouched photograph. We have read Mr. Jerrold's brochure with unalloyed pleasure. It has every right to become the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Plimsoll crusade.

*The Fine Arts and their Uses.* By WILLIAM BELLARS.

This considerable volume of essays travels over a wide range of thought and inquiry. After opening with a "general view of the fine arts and of their mutual relations," the author discusses, more or less exhaustively, Imagination, Beauty and Sublimity: the Fugitive Arts—viz., Dancing, Pantomime, Acting, Elocution, and Executive Music. Music, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Verbal Poetry, are dealt with under the head of the Permanent Arts; and the Subsidiary Arts are treated in a separate paper. Now it is obvious that only an æsthetic Brougham or Macaulay or a Slade Professor of impossible versatility could be expected to infuse novelty into the treatment of such themes; and Mr. Bellars is neither one nor

the other. Indeed, while he disclaims any desire to come forward as an art-teacher, he admits "that much of what he has said has been said before, in a different and better way, by others," and acknowledges "in the fullest manner his obligations to the writings of Reynolds, Eastlake, Leigh Hunt, and especially to those of Mr. Ruskin." It is to be hoped that the commendable honesty of the author will not prevent readers from stepping across the threshold of his book, which is a thoroughly creditable performance, and independent of it. An inquirer who can intelligently gather the fruits of such opposite authorities on art as Reynolds and Mr. Ruskin, who can, without doing violence to the views of either, reconcile Leigh Hunt and Eastlake—and, we presume, Hazlitt—so as to produce a perfectly harmonious view of his own, deserves, perforce, to be heard with respect. He will probably find, as his experience ripens, that several of these essays might wisely have been condensed. To this end he may deem it expedient to expunge altogether the moral reflections with which his observations are too plentifully interlarded. We have too many essayists who conceive it to be their duty to preach in season and out of season. Mr. Bellars laments the decay of good—that is to say poetical—dancing rather incoherently, it seems to us. Would he revive the minuet, or that exceedingly comic exercise called the ronde, which admirers of Mr. Tom Taylor's blank verse and Miss Neilson's pathos may now see any night at the Haymarket Theatre? There is a good deal that is open to question in the essayist's remarks on acting, and the paper on elocution might with advantage have been made more practical. For example, he would have done the State some service if he had analysed the melody of Signor Salvini's almost unapproachable elocution and taught Mr. Irving how to speak the English language with propriety. We entirely agree with Mr. Bellars in the common-sense view which he takes of Mr. Haweis's fine air-drawn theories. Although the latter has all the knowledge which is required by an authority on music, his book, "Music and Morals," abounds in clap-trap of the cheapest kind. Not that Mr. Bellars himself altogether abstains from its use. It rather shocks one to turn from an ironical description of a Covent Garden Concert, page 193, to a passage of this sort three pages further on:—"Then shall music reach its highest perfection, too, and the courts of Heaven shall re-echo to the sound of harpers, and the voices of the redeemed singing their new song in wondrous harmony around the crystal sea." The essay on architecture leaves little to be desired; that on painting much. The latter is ambitious and perfunctory. Is not our essayist merely shouting with the crowd when he flies into raptures over Doré's sacred works, and praises Mr. Holman Hunt? And he would find it difficult to justify, on any known principle of art, the presence of so much dirt in Mr. Watts's colour. In his future examinations of pictures let him try to forget what other critics have said, and judge for himself. We must, nevertheless, sum up heartily in favour of the book. Mr. Bellars has a keen, if in some respects an untutored, sense of beauty. His reading has been catholic, and he has turned it to good account. It is impossible to avoid admiring if we cannot always agree with him.

## PATHETICS OF THE PIT.

WHITTINGTON.

"I NEVER handled any of your money, Madam."  
"Madam! Who are you calling Madam? I have a name as well as you."

"So you may, but—"  
I can report no more of this "brief but first-class conversation," not because I heard anything too shocking following the "but," but because I heard no more; for I passed by the dim door of the badly-lighted, cheap milliner's. It may be said that an altercation between two women in a milliner's is rather irrelevant here; but this dialogue, limited as it is, serves as a key to Pit sentiment; and, hearing it as I went towards Drury Lane on Saturday evening, it fell into my ears like a prologue to my play. No matter what your temper, you must address no man in the Pit without a "Sir," no matter what your temper, you must speak to or of no woman as "Madam."

It may be thought that, as an observer of my fellow-man in the Pit, I have no right to intrude my personal feelings; but am I not a man, too? one, moreover, of the Pit? Therefore I claim not only a right to have my own feelings, but also to give utterance to them.  
I have to record at the outset three great grievances at the hands of Fate. At ten minutes past seven I resigned myself for disposal into the hands of a young man who combined excellent personal appearance and gracious manners with the office of programme-seller. He indicated a seat on the verge, as it were, of humanity, and from which no more than an acute angle triangle of the stage was visible, the acute angle of the triangle being pointed at my eyes, the base consisting of about four feet of wing opposite.

"Have you got no worse seat than this?" I demanded sadly of my courteous Charon.  
"Yes, Sir. Centre, back."  
"Conduct me thither."

The seat to which he now brought me was much better than the former; thus the intelligence of my conductor penetrated my meaning, although I had uttered a distinct opposite. I hope you will think well of that young man. I do.

My second grievance leads me to give this advice. In cold weather, put your opera-glasses inside the fender for a quarter of an hour before going to a theatre, otherwise they will be useless for the first quarter of an hour. On Saturday night I did nothing but rub my glasses and murmur soft nothings to myself during that period.

My third grievance was that I found on the boards the same "suety dumpling" farce I noticed months ago, and saw it with no development of satisfaction. Respecting this farce, I am bound to say that the Pit of Saturday night last enjoyed it more than any other Pit I saw under it. This may be accounted for by the fact that it was a pantomime Pit.

A little reflection will serve to prove that a pantomime is a bad kind of performance for drawing out the hidden inequalities of character. It is too monotonous. People come to laugh, and laugh accordingly, more out of regard to tradition than by reason of individual provocation. The slenderest joke will be found quite sufficient to set the Pit roaring. Then, there are few surprises in a pantomime, except scenic effects, and these appeal only to superficial emotions residing in what may be called the physical structure of the mind. There is, perhaps, no less spiritual aspect of the human countenance than when the mind is under the influence of unintelligent admiration or wonder. It requires a highly cultivated mind to wonder properly, and perhaps one of the noblest delights of poets is their full-toned wondering. But we don't find many poets in the Pit, which is rather well for the Pit, as poets no longer live on nectar and are commonly but unhappy.

The three people in front of me on Saturday night were a man and two women; but, beyond this fact, they were little worthy of note. The women being fat, elderly, sallow maiden ladies, who evidently looked on themselves as adepts at the play, and spoke learnedly of theatrical names.

One wore a huge Brummagen gold locket on her shoulder, that thus both the people in front and rear might be the better of her finery.

On my left was a tall, good-looking, long-nosed, large-mouthed young man, who, as far as my purpose went, turned out a complete blank, displaying no interior glimpses, and remaining the whole time, concealed carefully behind a smile of no great merit as a work of nature or art.

Beyond this impassable young man stood (be good enough to remember that this was the back row) a brown-bearded man of about thirty. He was handsome and manly-looking, well-dressed and well-mannered, and, to end and make perfect the list of his pleasing attributes, he had on his left a shapely, dark-eyed, fine-looking, brilliant girl, with whom he was evidently very much in love, as the saying goes. They were a fresh and pleasant sight in the Pit, and much of my regard went that way. She wore a large light-pink valentine under her white, round chin, and thus the colour of the bright face was, as an artist would phrase it, carried down to a red nosegay in her bosom. And all this red did not make the young woman look in the least vulgar, for her beauty was of the tropical character (if you please, not Nigger), and consorted gratefully with vivid colour and bore light well.

If, through some dull piece, some desert of a burlesque, or tragedy, or comedy, or farce, in which the jokes are the dried-up fountains, and furtive yawns the only oases, you hang over the back of your neighbour's seat, trifling with your glasses, throw off your lassitude, raise your glasses, and search out a pair of lovers. Then, if you but watch closely, you can read much and learn much, and the chances are you may soften your heart a little, which is a thing but seldom done nowadays, or, I believe, ever. Laugh, if you like, but let your laughter be kindly. I laugh most at those I love best. Let there be no bitterness in your laughter. The bitterness in you will not reach them, and will be of little service to your happiness. The man of such a pair never faces the play fully. There is always a drag in his figure towards her. She is the theme; the play the incident. She faces the stage fully, and seems unconscious of his presence, except when he speaks; the play is the theme; he the incident. There are many reasons for this. One, the simplest, men are more accustomed to theatres than women.

During the overture to the pantomime there rose a murmur; the music glided into a more solemn and very familiar air, over which floated a buzz and a clamour, and all the men were standing bare-headed in a moment. Some one of great note had entered, but who it was no neighbour could tell me.

The seat on my right was vacant. A low-sized, sharp-featured young man stepped over it, and looked savagely around. I don't think I ever saw a less endearing countenance. The cheeks were hollow and dark, the eyes sunken, slow, and cruel, the brows heavy, and the lips compressed, and hard with chronic bad temper. His head was not unshapely, his neck was long and blotchy, his hat a shabby billycock. He did not carry his letter of credit on his face.

The way in which this young man looked at me appeared to savour of the personal. At length he stooped towards me, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and said,

"Will you move up a little to make room for this young lady." There was no superfluous formality, no idle ornament, no extraneous matter introduced into the request.

I looked over my shoulder and saw a young girl, very red and seemingly very happy. By way of reply I indicated the iron divisions and showed I could not stir an inch. Then I pointed to the next row and said, "There's a seat there and here's one." With a bad grace he handed the girl to the next row, and sat down beside me himself.

I am in no way responsible for things I cannot alter or events I cannot influence; and if I see certain things and talk about them the things themselves ought not to be put down as derogatory to me, but only the manner of my talk, should it not be wisely ordered. I am loth now, even after this preface, to tell all I saw in the Pit that night, for I desire credit, and I dread that some may dream I am no better than a fabulist if I say this uninviting-looking young man and this red-faced girl were lovers. Yet I assure you I do not make the assertion without ample proof, for the young man gave himself up to gloom when he found he could in no way compass sitting near her, and, conclusive evidence, before the pantomime had reached the middle he handed her a parcel made up in a newspaper from which she extracted solid food, and, having tasted it with honest relish, returned the paper, still containing much. He, being out of conceit with life, and the means by which it is sustained seeming no better than vexatious vanities, thrust the paper away into some pocket, and kept his fast. Later I discovered that the young man was indulging in tobacco treated as a solid, which disquieted me much, as my hat lay on the floor no more than a foot removed from his centre of gravity. But Fortune had me under her kindly guardianship, and the young man proved to be at once expert and considerate. From these two latter circumstances he has risen much in my esteem, and I wish him well—of course without prejudice.

At length I sat down, and, as I felt a little weary, I thought I could not treat myself to less than five minutes for refreshment. This took the form of bending my body almost double and examining the occupants of such other parts of the house as were within range. I tried the grand tier in vain for the illustrious visitors who had caused the interpolation of the National Anthem into the overture. Then, giving up all hope, I rose above the grand tier and sought diversion among the people in the second line.

Presently I dropped the glass, rubbed it, and looked carefully again. Yes, in the right-hand stage box on the second tier sat the Princess of Wales and two of her sons. I had never before found either in a theatre, nor any other place where I could see very plainly or for more than a few moments, and somehow I had got it into my head that the Princess was much paler than she is. I never can look on Royalty without feeling a deep melancholy. Kings and Princes always seem so utterly isolated; so lonely, so desolate; so far removed from the simpler pleasures of life. The gloom of a living tomb appears to hang around them. Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. seem to me men whom men might envy. There was such fierce contention, and vivid strife, and dark plots in their daily lives that I can understand how one might wish an hour out of their lives, if it were but to realise the infinite expansion which vast ambition and power must produce in the soul. But an hereditary King, sitting calmly on a secure throne, appeals me. He and his seem to be outside life, beyond the thither barrier of action. There is nothing to happen except the end. There is nothing to do but wait for that end. I noticed that the illustrious visitors did not smile when all around were laughing. Fancy telling children not to laugh. Doesn't it seem hard to be brought up not to laugh, at least on occasions when other people laugh without reproach? I feel when I look on Royal people sitting immovable among a roaring audience a most hideous familiarity with them. I cannot persuade myself but that they are living sadly out of the best and richest luxuries of human existence. I seem to think they want a friend, and I am he; and, if I were to follow my im-

pulse, I'd step behind them and say, "You know you can't stand this much longer. Throw down the hauberk; follow me into Bohemia and laugh." As a matter of prophecy, I don't think I shall ever do this. Royal people don't know what's in Bohemia, and they might hesitate. Besides, they are as a rule so well known that any setter of lodgings would think an application from one of them only a joke, and you could not walk comfortably down Fleet-street with a King or a Royal Prince on your arm. R. D.

### SNOWSHOE-RACE IN CANADA.

A Montreal correspondent writes to the *New York Sportsman* under date of Jan. 31:—

"Snowshoers are almost at their wits' end to kill time. No Wednesday-night tramps over the mountains, and the Saturday-afternoon scurry is entirely out of the question. Fearing that instead of an improvement affairs might become worse, the committee of the Montreal Snowshoe Club determined on holding the annual steeplechase on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst. There was very little snow, but, as the prospect of more was not very encouraging, the flat was issued.

"The night was dark and sharp, but quite a large crowd had assembled at the rendezvous by a quarter to eight o'clock. There were twenty-five starters, which number would doubtless have been doubled had the shoeing been at all fair. The president drew the competitors up in line at the head of the Union avenue, and sent them off at seven minutes to eight, and a rattling gait was struck, but, owing to the number of pedestrians and sleighs on the street, there was considerable confusion before the runners reached the college gate. In the college grounds the new rink lately made also proved a 'bugbear' to some of the 'peds,' but on they bravely flew, regardless of ditches, fences, and rocks. Up McTavish-street to Ravenscrag the pace was hot and the men well up together. From that began the tailing. Condition had to tell after such a cracking pace. As the runners swung round the corner at Ravenscrag and began to breast the mountain proper, a great many were in difficulties, the track from this to the 'Pines,' being nothing but rock and macadam, covered by the merest suspicion of snow. Still, many stuck well and true to the arduous task cut out for them, but at the 'Pines' the race was virtually over. As we stand at the gate at the foot of the 'Pines,' watching for the appearance of the men, a countryman brings a large old-fashioned lantern, so we can easily distinguish the men as they passed us, and we are not long in waiting before the crackling of the dry twigs and the clack-clack of the shoe is plainly heard on the bare ground. A dark figure appears on the hill, emerges from the waving pines, rushes down the slope, and gallops off at a terrific gait over the plains: by the light, wiry frame and long, sweeping stride we easily recognised Lamothe. Then Starke comes tearing down, with Downs on his heels. The first three are past and we wait no longer, but scampering over the private roadway, jump into a sleigh in waiting, gain the highway, and gallop up to Prendergrast's gate as the first man comes rushing through; and, as we predicted, C. Lamothe is the victor in 24min 30sec; Geo. Starke second in 24min 32sec; F. C. McIndoe third, George Roy fourth, W. L. Allen fifth, and Mowatt sixth. These were all that were entitled to prizes, and the order of the others arriving was not checked. The course from Union avenue to Prendergrast's, as the crow flies, is about two miles and a third; but, as anyone who ever gazed on Mount Royal well knows, the immense hill to climb makes the run equal to three miles and a quarter on the flat. Considering the scarcity of snow and the roughness of the course, from the new reservoir, over the Boulevard to the Pines, and the darkness of the night, the time is very fast. Some of the 'old uns' tried their hands, but, alas! found that they could not forego training and breast that fearful hill with impunity. Many was the 'stitch' complained of before the Pines were reached, nor was there much comfort in finding, after a hard struggle to crawl there, that none but the stragglers were in sight.

"After the race and the excitement attendant thereon had subsided, supper was announced, when about 150 members sat down. The good things having received justice, dancing and songs whiled away the time until the hour approached for the return. The president then presented the prizes to the winners, who were greeted with cheers."

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the Original and Sole Proprietors of the

### STOCK-BREEDERS' MEDICINE

CHEST,

for all Disorders in HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES,

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THE CHEST CONTAINS THE CELEBRATED

CHEMICAL EXTRACT, for Wounds, Swollen

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Price of Chest complete, including "Key to Farriery,"

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Patronised by Royalty, and used for over forty years

by the leading Agriculturalists of the British Empire.

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THE most LAUGHABLE THING ON

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Perfume at the will of the wearer. Pin and apparatus,

in box, post-free 14 stamps.

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full of Cigars, closed, and found empty. Post-free

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capital joke, decorating anyone who attempts to

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Medicines for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs.

No Farm or Stable complete without one.

6 Colic and Gripe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle.

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1 Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment.

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The Whole complete in Case.

Price 50s.

From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough

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Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth

Disease, now so prevalent, price 15s. per dozen, with

instructions.

### NOTICE.—WILLS'S BEST BIRD'S EYE.

Every Packet of this TOBACCO will in future be

lined with pure tin-foil, thus perfectly preserving its

condition and delicate flavour.

January, 1876. W. D. & H. O. WILLS.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S

### DENTIFRICE WATER

ARRESTS DECAY in the TEETH and Sweetens the

Breath.

55, Bold-street, Liverpool.

Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by

all Chemists.

THE MARVELLOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS,

COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,

CONSUMPTION, AND ALL CHEST AFFECTIONS.

PECTORINE.

Sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,

4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Sent by the Proprietors upon receipt of stamps.

PECTORINE

cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness,

gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, is the best medicine

for Asthma, cures Whooping-Cough, is invaluable in the

early stages of Consumption, relieves all Affections of

the Chest, Lungs, and Throat.

Prepared only by SMITH and CLARKE,

Manufacturing Chemists, Park-street, Lincoln.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most

effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver com-

plaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness,

giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and

bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be

better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to head-

ache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears

arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should

never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms

will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, re-

moving all obstructions, the distressing headache so very

prevalent, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous

affections, blotches, pimples, sallowness of the skin and

give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all

Medicine Venders, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

DINNEFORD'S

SOLUTION OF

MAGNESA.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESA.

The best remedy for

## NOTICE.—THURSDAY SALES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the **THURSDAY SALES** will COMMENCE EARLIER this Year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June. Albert-gate, Jan. 29, 1876.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, FEB. 21, the following HORSES, the property of J. M. Joshua, Esq., who is going abroad:—**

1. KYNETON, chestnut gelding.
  2. KEILOR, chestnut gelding.
  3. KREMLIN, chestnut gelding.
  4. KALTBAD, chestnut gelding.
- The above four horses are quiet in double and single harness, with magnificent action, and have been regularly driven together as a team.
5. RUPERT, grey gelding; an exceedingly handsome T cart horse, a grand stepper.
  6. NELLIE, a thoroughbred brown mare; a perfect lady's hack, with fine action.
  7. COSSACK, black gelding; quiet to ride, a good hack and hunter, and has carried a lady.
  8. PERCY, bay gelding; a very handsome park hack.
  9. YORK, chestnut gelding; quiet in double and single harness, and has been driven wheeler in a team.

The above are on view at 17, Grosvenor-crescent-mews.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY NEXT, FEB. 21, the following STALLIONS:—**

1. BLUE CAP, a bay horse (foaled 1872), by Blue-mantle (half brother to Lord Lyon and Achievement) out of Rattle, by Alarm—The Swede, by Charles XII.—Mangel Wurzel, by Merlin, 15 hands 3 in. high; with fine bone, good action, no white; would make a good country stallion.
2. KING KOFFEE, a brown horse (foaled 1872), by King Victor out of Steel Pen, by I. Birdcatcher out of Needle, by Lanercost; dark brown, without white; covered a few mares last year; fine size and good action; met with an accident in training as a two-year-old.

## BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

**MR. RYMIILL** will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

**ALDRIDGE'S, London.**—Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from Messrs. Newman and Co., and other jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, new and secondhand Carriages, Harness, &c. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

**THOROUGHbred CHESTNUT HUNTER for SALE, rising six; perfect Lady's Hack. Lowest price, 130gs.**

**VERY Strong, Useful BROUGHAM HORSE.** Perfectly quiet to ride and drive. Price 50gs.

**VERY Handsome, Strong, Fast, Faultless PONY, over 13 hands, and PARK PHAETON (from Lenny's).** Price, together, 80gs; or pony alone, £50. Address, G. NOTTIDGE, Ingatestone, Essex.

## NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH.

**ASTEROID (Sire of Siderolite),** by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s, the groom. HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham. Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

**MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs.** STENTOR (sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE. **CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster.** Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40gs each. PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20gs each. Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate. **KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief,** out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full. Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

AT WAREHAM'S FARM, SUTTON-PLACE, GUILDFORD.

**THUNDERBOLT.** Fifteen Mares, besides his owner's, at 50gs a mare, groom's fee included. THE SPEAKER, by Filbert, dam, Needle, by Camel. Ten Mares, besides his owner's. Thoroughbred Mares at 10gs; Half-bred, 5gs; groom's fee included. Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s. per week. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to Mr. G. PAYNE, Stud Groom, as above.

AT PACKINGTON HALL, COVENTRY.

**VANDERDECKEN (7 yrs),** by Suchardometer out of Stolen Moments. Ran third for the St. Leger, won the Liverpool Cup, and many other important races. At 25gs. GUY DAYRELL (aged), by Wild Dayrell out of Regnella. Winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, Stockbridge Cup, and many other races. Thoroughbreds, 6gs; half-breds, 3gs; foaling mares, 21s.; barren mares, 16s. per week. Good accommodation for mares. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Nearest Station for Packington, Hampton-in-Arden, L.N.W. For any information apply to W. MERCER, Stud Groom.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S-BUSH (Three Miles from Albert-gate).

**MARSYAS (Sire of Albert Victor,** George Frederick, &c.), a chestnut horse, by Orlando out of Malibran, by Whisker. A limited number of mares, at 50gs each (groom's fee included). Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent. Apply to D. DOLLAMORE, Stud Groom.

## STALLIONS.

1876. Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

**JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate),** by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

**THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.),** by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom.

**THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high** with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

**RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2 in. high,** by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

**LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger),** foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Blue-mantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

**COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks),** by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s. the groom.

**CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist.** Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s. the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares. Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey, **CARNIVAL.** Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

**GEORGE FREDERICK.** Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

**CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.),** at 40gs.

**WILD OATS.** Thirty-five mares, at 25gs. CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacantha, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week. Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

**SPECULUM.** A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. **KNIGHT OF THE GARTER,** at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. **MARTYRDOM,** at 10gs; Groom's fee, 10s. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to JOHN HUBB, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

**PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a Mare.** MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

AT ALWALTON, PETERBOROUGH.

**MONTAGNARD (bred in France),** by Fitz-Gladiator out of Milwood, by Sir Hercules; thoroughbred mares at 25s.; half-breds at half price. Mares at 11s. a week; with corn, at 16s. Apply to C. KIRK, Alwalton, Peterborough; or Mr. Core, Angel Inn, Peterborough.

AT MYTON STUD FARM, NEAR YORK.

**SYRIAN.** A limited number of mares at 10gs; groom's fee, 10s. **BLUEMANTLE.** Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 5s. the groom. **SHEPHERD F. KNAPP,** the famous trotter, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom. Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperby, York.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

**SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln** out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c. Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARPE, as above.

**SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT**

**FIBRINE DOG CAKES.** Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and unwholesome ingredients. They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them. Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine. Address—Spratt's Patent, Henry-street, Bermondsey-street, S.E.

**SKATING-RINK FLOORS.** Noblemen and others contemplating forming Skating Rinks will find, in the adoption of CLARIDGE'S PATENT ASPHALTE, a material better adapted for the floors of them than any material yet tried, and the surface closely resembles rubbed slate as to smoothness. Cement, which was at first tried for roller-skating purposes, works into dust and injures the spindles of the skates, two objections which the use of this company's Asphalt avoids.—J. FARRELL, Secretary, Claridge's Patent Asphalt Company (Limited). Offices—Victoria Embankment, W.C.

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury E.C.**

General Accidents. Railway Accidents. Personal Injuries. Death by Accidents. C. HARDING, Manager.

## LINCOLN SPRING MEETING, 1876.

Under Grand National Rules.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, MARCH 20.

The **DODDINGTON HUNTERS HURDLE-RACE** of 50 sovs for hunters qualified under Grand National Rules. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 2 sovs. About two miles and a half over ten hurdles.

A **HURDLE-RACE PLATE** of 80 sovs for horses that never won a hurdle-race of the value of 100 sovs. Weight for age. Entrance 3 sovs. One mile and a half over six hurdles.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 21.

The **ELSHAM HURDLE-RACE** of 5 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 100 added. The second to save his stake. Two miles over eight hurdles.

The **FULL CRY STEEPLECHASE PLATE** of 80 sovs and 5 for the second, for hunters duly qualified under Grand National Rules. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 3 sovs. Over the Steeplechase course, about three miles and a half.

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22.

The **LINDUM STEEPLECHASE (handicap)** of 5 sovs each, 3 ft to the fund, with 100 added. About three miles and a half.

The **GONE AWAY PLATE** of 50 sovs, and 5 sovs for the second horse, for hunters qualified under Grand National Rules. Weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Entrance 2 sovs. About two miles on the flat.

The **STONEBOW HURDLE HANDICAP PLATE** of 80 sovs. Entrance 3 sovs. One mile and a half over six hurdles.

The above Stakes close and name on Tuesday, Feb. 22, to Messrs. Weatherby, or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to Wm. Ford, Clerk of the Course.

## LINCOLN SPRING MEETING, 1876.

Under Newmarket Rules.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, MARCH 20.

The **YARBOROUGH PLATE (Handicap)** of 150 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance, 3 sovs. Five furlongs.

The **TRIAL PLATE (Handicap)** of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance, 3 sovs. One mile.

The above Stakes close and name on Tuesday, Feb. 22, to Messrs. Weatherby or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to Wm. Ford, Clerk of the Course.

## NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING, 1876.

Under Grand National Rules.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, APRIL 11.

The **ANNESLEY HUNTERS' STAKE** of 50 sovs, for any hunter qualified under Grand National Rules; four-year-olds to carry 11st 5lb, five 12st 1lb, six and aged 12st 5lb; a winner in any country of a steeplechase, hurdle-race, or hunters' flat-race to carry once 7lb, twice 10lb, three times or once 100 sovs 14lb extra; horses that never won any race either under Newmarket or Grand National Rules allowed—five-year-olds 7lb, six and aged 12lb; horses, not being maidens, that have not won in 1875 or 1876 allowed half their penalty; horses that have never at any time been in a training-stable, and never ran on a public racecourse before the day of the race, allowed 5lb; to be ridden by persons who have never ridden for hire; entrance, 2 sovs. Two miles on the flat.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.

The **VALE OF BELVOIR HUNT CUP** of 50 sovs, for any hunter qualified under Grand National Rules. Four-year-olds to carry 10st 5lb, five 11st 5lb, six and aged 12st; the winner of any race under Grand National Rules to carry 7lb, twice 10lb, three times or once 100 sovs 12lb extra; horses that never won a steeplechase, hurdle-race, or hunters' flat-race allowed five-year-olds 5lb, six and aged 10lb; horses not being maidens that have not won in 1875 or 1876 allowed half their penalty; horses that never ran on a public racecourse before the day of the race allowed 5lb; entrance 2 sovs. About two miles, over eight hurdles.

The above Stakes name on Tuesday, Feb. 22, to Messrs. Weatherby or Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, London; Mr. R. Johnson, York; or to W. J. FORD, Clerk of the Course.

## GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 22nd inst.

**GREAT SHOW** of nearly 200 STALLIONS (Clydesdale, Thoroughbred, Roadster, and Pony). JOHN DYKES, jun., Secretary. 79, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow, Feb. 9, 1876.

## CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS OR RIFLES.

Our £15 Breech-loading Gun, 12, 16, and 20 bore, with canvas case and apparatus complete, is not to be surpassed for style, finish, and shooting qualities. In various patterns of actions, "Double Grip" top levers (Thomas's Patent), side levers, &c.

**EXPRESS DOUBLE RIFLES,** .577 bore, carrying 6 drs. of powder, from 25gs. Also of other sizes, .500, .450, and .360 bores. All our Rifles and Guns are carefully shot, and trials solicited.

Price-Lists on application.

**E. M. REILLY and CO.,** 502, New Oxford-street, London. Branches: 315, Oxford-street, London; and 2, Rue Scribe, Paris.

## JOHN RIGBY &amp; CO., GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS,

(ESTABLISHED 1770),

are now manufacturing to order

**RIGBY'S PATENT SNAP-LEVER DOUBLE GUNS,** with latest improvements in shooting power.

**RIGBY'S BREECH-LOADING EXPRESS RIFLES,** single and double, of various sizes.

**RIGBY'S CELEBRATED MATCH RIFLE,** which made highest score in Elcho Shield Match, Wimbledon Cup, Dudley and Lloyd's Cup Competitions, at Wimbledon, 1875.

Apply for Price-Lists

(with Remarks on Breech-loading Guns) to

24, SUFFOLK-STREET, DUBLIN;

and

72, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON, S.W.

## NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS,

98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

## DUCK-SHOOTING.—Special 4-bore

Single C F Breech-loading Guns; weight from 13lb to 14lb. Guaranteed to kill at over one hundred yards' range.

Also 8-bore C F Double Guns, Choke-bored for extra long range.

Full particulars of

H. HOLLAND, 98, New Bond-street, London.

## STEPHEN GRANT,

By Special appointment

to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh,

BREECH-LOADING

GUN & RIFLE MANUFACTURER,

67A, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON.

## SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

Patterns free. £15,000 Worth Black, Coloured, Plain, Striped, Checked, Japanese, and other SILKS.

From 1 Guinea Full Dress. BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent-street.

## DRESSES.—Early Spring Fabrics.

Patterns free. £10,000 Worth Early Spring Materials in all the New Checks, Stripes, and Plain Colours.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

## ESTAMENE SERGES in all Colours.

The Pure West of England Estamene Serges as sold by BAKER and CRISP are impervious to Wear, Wet, Damp, or Sea Spray. Patterns free from 1s. yard.—198, Regent-street.

## LAST YEAR'S MUSLIN FABRICS.

Grenadines, Cambric, Lawn, Tussore, and other Fabrics at Greatly Reduced Prices. BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street. Patterns free.

## BLACK FABRICS, all kinds,

from 6d. the yard. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

## 1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESS

FABRICS.—1000 Patterns, representing all the New Materials for present Wear, forwarded (post-free) to any part of the world. D. NICHOLSON and CO., post-free. 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

## 1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS.

Striped, Checked, Broché, and Plain, in all the New Colours, from 2s. to 10s. per yard. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part. D. NICHOLSON and CO., post-free. 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

## DRY FEET.

Gentlemen are respectfully invited to inspect our various descriptions of CLUMP SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, 25s. to 35s., and our new "PEDESTRIAN BOOTS," 45s.

THOMAS D. MARSHALL and BURT,

192, Oxford-street, London.

## LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR

RESTORER.—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

## ELKINGTON and Co.,

PATENTEES OF THE ELECTRO PLATE. MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, FINE-ART METAL WORKERS, &c., Beg to caution the public against forged and deceptive marks used by nefarious manufacturers to induce the sale of inferior qualities of electro plate. All goods manufactured by Elkington and Co. are distinctly stamped with their marks.

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## J. H. STEWARD'S BINOCULAR,

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THE STRANGE DOG.

fied in his daughter, has perhaps an equally exaggerated contempt for them. The business of the play opens by Mrs. Clarkson (L'Etrangère) sending a letter to the Duchess Maximin, who is patroness of a charity, offering 25,000*fr* for permission to drink a cup of tea in her Grace's drawing-room. The Duchess writes in answer that if Mrs. Clarkson can find any gentleman among the friends or relatives of the family to introduce her she will be welcome, not otherwise. The company assembled hear this letter read in profound silence, and then the Duke rises and says, not without a kindly gallantry, that since nobody else will volunteer for so honourable a service, he himself will offer his arm to the stranger, and lead her into the presence of his wife. The Duchess, thus constrained to receive the adventuress, hands her a cup of tea; and, after a brief passage of womanly arms, dismisses rather than takes leave of her. When she is gone, the enraged wife dashes the cup from which her unwelcome visitor has drank upon the floor, and smashes it to atoms. Then she cries,

"Fling wide the house doors to purify the air; all the world may enter now."

"So the curtain falls on the first act, the part of the angry Duchess being played by Mdlle. Croisette, the reigning favourite of the French stage; and that of L'Etrangère being powerfully rendered by Sarah Bernhardt. Mrs. Clarkson, who had her own reasons for seeking the Duchess, now insists

on a return visit; and their second interview is the great sensation scene of the play. The Duchess, to whom her husband has become both odious and contemptible, feels her affection revive for Gerard, the son of a former governess, for whom she felt a girlish attachment before her marriage; and it happens that Mrs. Clarkson, who has saved the life of this young man in Italy, has also fallen in love with him. The adventuress, therefore, warns the Duchess to leave Paris at once with her husband, or to dread her vengeance in case she dares to dispute the love of Gerard with her. In order to show the terrible sort of revenge she could take if aroused to hostilities, she explains that she is the daughter of a slave who has been publicly sold by her father and master, whose property she was, and that she has passed her existence in aiding and abetting a series of murders and atrocities in hatred of mankind ever since, considering that she has no affinity with the human family and is a born alien. Gerard, she declares, is the only man who ever inspired her with love, and she will never consent to give him up to a rival. The Duchess, having calmly heard this fearful account of Mrs. Clarkson's antecedents, defies her, and the war between the two women begins in earnest. Mrs. Clarkson puts the Duke on his guard against Gerard, and he is thus enabled to intercept a letter in which the Duchess avows her love for her former playmate. This brings about another sensation

scene between the Duke and his wife. The Duke offers to forgive and forget the letter, if she will promise him that some day, by repentance and atonement, he may induce her to write such words to him. He acknowledges that he has not hitherto appreciated her, because he never knew how beautiful and good she was till now that his eyes and heart were opened. But it is too late; and, after heaping scorn and insults upon him, she flings him away for ever in a hurricane of passion. This scene is the gem of the piece. The Duke, now reduced to despair, determines to challenge his wife's lover, and sends to Mr. Clarkson (husband of L'Etrangère), an American speculator of fabulous wealth, who is passing a few days in Paris, to act as his second. M. Moriceau having in vain tried to dissuade him from a duel which will become a public scandal, compromise his daughter, and deprive her of her dearly-bought title, determines to checkmate the Duke's move by acting as second to Gerard, thus publicly asserting his confidence in his daughter's innocence. The duel is arranged to take place next day, but meanwhile a quarrel occurs between the Duke and his chosen second, Mr. Clarkson. That shrewd Yankee does not at all like the Duke's idea of murdering Gerard by his superior skill in fence, because Gerard is an engineer who has made a new discovery in gold-washing which will save Clarkson 25 per cent on the working of some mines he has recently discovered. He, therefore, 'concludes' to

fight the Duke himself, and kills him without ceremony. L'Etrangère and her husband then depart for their enormous estates in America, agreeing to overlook a divorce which has been a passing episode in their existence; and Gerard (M. Mounet-Sully) is left to be happy with the Duke's widow, untroubled by further let or hindrance.

"It only remains to be added that the costumes of Mdlles. Croisette and Sarah Bernhardt are quite models of dressmaking and millinery. In the first act Croisette, who has lately developed into a fuller order of beauty than she promised a year ago, wears a primrose-coloured dress, with a cuirass and gauntlets in admirable taste. In the second act she wears a carriage-dress of velvet, and a bonnet which is a miracle of art; in the third act a superb visiting-dress of ruby velvet and silver grey, most magnificent, yet of such a grave sobriety and decorum that its great splendour seems as though hushed and hidden by modesty. In the fourth and fifth acts the charming actress wears a robe of flowered brocade, and a wig which is delightful by reason of its colour and luxuriance. The dresses of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt are equally well chosen; and a black costume in which she appears for the last time in mourning for her love and hope, is wonderfully designed for artistic effect and elegance."

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* adds, with respect to the first performance of *L'Etrangère*:—"The dialogue is marvellously sparkling, and delivered by the best French actors in the world. Coquelin plays the Duke with admirable delicacy; Got represents the Diogenes of the piece, Dr. Rémonin, with masterly genius; while Mounet-Sully makes a forcible Gerard; and Fevre depicts Clarkson with inimitable humour and breadth. Mdlle. Croisette, who plays the Duchesse de Septmons with feeling and elegance was neither quite a Duchesse nor quite a Mdlle. Moriceau; but M. Dumas has had rare good luck in having Mrs. Clarkson played by one of the most finished actresses of the French stage. Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has given to the part of Mrs. Clarkson a grandeur and a lofty character of mingled scorn and hatred which will make it one of the most complete and greatest creations of the modern drama. The remembrance of this will incontestably survive M. Dumas's piece, for which a very long stay on the bills of the Théâtre Français cannot be predicted."

### Shooting Notes.

**A SHOOTING WAGER.**—The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, whose "place" near Sandringham rivals the splendid country seat of the Prince of Wales, is said to have offered to take £100,000 to £5000 that within three years he will kill a thousand brace of partridges to his own gun, on his own estate, in a single day.

**REMARKABLE SHOOTING BY MR. HERCULES ROSS.**—A letter was received last week by the secretary of the National Rifle Club of Scotland from Captain Horatio Ross, the late captain of the Scotch eight, stating that his son, Mr. Hercules Ross, the champion rifle-shot of India, was to be home this year on leave, and that he intended to compete for a place among the Scotch eight for the Elcho Challenge Shield match. Mr. Ross has just been successful in carrying off the handsome cup offered by the Viceroy of India with a total of 141. The conditions were ten shots at each of the 800, 9000, and 1000 yards ranges, with two sighting-shots at each; and the following was the score he made, it being understood that the two first are sighting-shots, and do not count in making up the aggregate:—800 yards, 55, 55, 45, 55, 45, 55—48; 900 yards, 55, 55, 55, 55, 55—50; 1000 yards, 54, 55, 55, 55, 55—43: total, 141.

Mr. CHAPLIN, M.P., is about to bring in a bill to prevent wildfowl from being exterminated. Singularly enough, in the "good old times" an Act had to be passed to prevent the ancestors of the Lincolnshire ("Fen country") M.P.'s constituents from killing the young of the wild duck by sweeping the fens with nets.

**ELEY'S WIRE CARTRIDGES.**—It is affirmed by the proprietors of this cartridge that it cannot burst at any distance, because it empties itself gradually and regularly on its issue from the barrel until it is wholly emptied, which occurs only at about forty or fifty yards' distance, at which the charge of shot groups itself and penetrates as well again as that of a gun loaded in the ordinary way. The ranges of the green cartridges considerably exceed those of the red, on account of the greater consistency given to the texture of the metallic envelope in the former, proportioned to the results required to be obtained, a feature which wholly annuls the leading of the barrel. If the precaution is, moreover, taken to grease slightly the exterior envelope, a greater ease in loading is obtained, with a decreased friction of the cartridge in the barrel. It is further affirmed by the inventor that by affixing the powder wad to the cartridge the expansion of the powder is much more accelerated, and increases both the projective force of the latter and the penetration of the shot. The merits of the Eley cartridges were very highly attested to by that enthusiastic sportsman the late Colonel Hawker, and their superiority over the ordinary charge is incontestable at long ranges; hence for that description of sport to which the Colonel was particularly devoted (duck and wild-fowl shooting) he found it merit every encomium; but it is not so eligible for the kinds of game usually brought down at short distances, where the ordinary mode of shot charge has quite sufficient penetrative force, and does not lacerate the bird too much. A slight increase of the powder charge has the effect of increasing both the range and the grouping of the Eley cartridge; but beyond an increase of one-fourth of the charge of powder, the dispersion of the shot, as with an increased powder charge in the ordinary way of loading, increases in the proportion of the greater range required. Nevertheless, the Eley shot cartridge may be used with advantage in lieu of ball, swan drops, &c., for the shooting of many animals which are thick in fur and too tenacious of life to succumb to the weaker penetration and less concentrated stroke of the ordinary shot charge.—"SWAN DROP."

**THE PENETRATION OF RIFLE-BULLETS.**—The inability of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to "knock over" a tiger, although repeatedly struck by bullets from an "express rifle," has again revived the long-dormant discussion on the penetration of "sporting" rifle projectiles. Mr. Greener, of Birmingham, gives some interesting information on this matter. He remarks that the steel-pointed bullet has always been regarded as the best kind for penetration, but when fired at the skull of an elephant it has been discovered that the lead separates from the steel point on striking; this is owing to the diameter of the lead being greater than that of the steel point. This cannot be avoided, for if the steel point is not kept smaller than the lead it will scratch and injure the rifling of the barrel. Hardened lead bullets are far better for this purpose. Twelve-bore double rifles are made for elephant-shooting, taking a cartridge-case which will contain eight drachms of powder, with a hardened spherical or short conical bullet. The weight of these rifles should be 13lb to 14lb. Some sportsmen prefer the Henry bullet, 450-bore, weighing 480 grains. This is slightly hardened, and with a charge of 85 grains we can penetrate six 1-in elm boards, nailed in apart, at a distance of 12 yards; but the bullet gets flattened very much (nearly five times its diameter). By hardening the bullet

more a still better penetration may be obtained. Mr. W. Greener, of Birmingham, has tried a bullet much lighter—350 grains, with 4 drachms of powder; but the penetration with this is but five boards. The bullet should not be lighter than 480 grains, and made as hard as possible, composed of two thirds of old type and one third of lead, or if alloyed with tin or antimony it will answer quite as well. Mr. Greener also maintains that there is nothing so effective as a large-bore shell for elephant-shooting. The same authority also remarks that a light hollow express bullet, 450-gauge, with a charge of four drams of powder, will penetrate five 1-inch elm boards at twelve yards. The Snider express bullet, with three drachms of powder, will penetrate four boards, entering the first board by a hole the diameter of the bullet, and increasing in size gradually to two inches. Mr. W. Greener has built several No. 8 bore guns, weighing 16lb, and 24-inch barrels, the charge of powder being ten drachms, with spherical ball. This large bore is required to stop a charging elephant at close quarters. He also makes them as large as No. 4 bore for this purpose, and weighing 20lb, and considers this to be the largest rifle that can be used from the shoulder. The breech action works pleasantly, and will resist double the above charge if required, without any possibility of the cartridge case bursting at the rim, or to admit of any escape of gas at the breech. There is no spring in this breech action, and it possesses great binding power. The top bolt is worked by a spindle fixed between the break-off and the trigger-plate; the spindle is connected by a crank or swivel to the double-grip lever. By moving the lever to open the gun the spindle is acted upon, and withdraws the top bolt; by closing the gun, the double-grip and top bolt secure the barrels at the same time. Mr. Greener calls this the treble grip-fast.

### THE LAST RAVEN OF THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

According to Erasmus "a proverb is a well-known saying, remarkable for some elegant novelty," while Cervantes describes it as being "a short sentence drawn from long experience." One of the oldest English proverbs is "every rock has its raven;" and, no doubt, in the "bad old times," our Saxon forefathers had good reason to dread the onslaught of the numerous members of the *Corvus corax* family upon the ragged poultry which eked out a precarious existence by gleanings from the barn yard. But *nous avons changé tout cela*, and the raven has been all but exterminated in Great Britain. From intelligence received (as a matter of course by submarine telegraph and special courier) from the Scilly Islands, we are sorry to hear that "the last raven" in those distant lands has fallen a victim to some one possessed by the prevalent epidemic for "killing something or other!" And, if a rare bird, why so much the better: does not the defunct *rara avis* then become "an elegant novelty?"

We confess to a liking for the grand and solemn-looking old raven—which derives its name from the Saxon *hrefian*, to plunder, to rob—whose effigy was tattered by the fierce winds of the rough North Sea, while emblazoned on the banners of our Viking ancestors. The great geographical range of the raven north of the equator causes it to be exceedingly well known, and it is as universally recognised in many other parts of the world as it was once in this country. It is, in fact, a universal species, found both in the old and new continents—from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope in the one, and from Hudson's Bay to Mexico in the other. It is one of the few birds that are capable of braving the severity of an arctic winter and the scorching rays of a tropical sun, without any change being produced in its plumage by the extremes of climate. It is by far the largest specimen of the genus to which it belongs, and, being bold as well as sagacious, is always an object of suspicion to shepherds and husbandmen; for no sooner does an animal show any signs of weakness than the raven is on the watch for an opportunity to satisfy his appetite. If no interruption occurs, he makes his first attack upon the eye of the defenceless animal, afterwards feeds at his leisure, retires to digest his food, and then returns to feed again. Like the other birds of its genus, it is not particular as to its food, eating indiscriminately small animals, such as rabbits, birds or their eggs, reptiles, insects, grain, or carrion, and any dead fish or other animal substance which may be washed ashore by the tide. Its favourite abodes are high rocks on the sea-shore, extensive woods, mountains, or open plains. The female breeds early in the season, and by the beginning of February the ravens may be seen visiting and repairing their nest of the previous year, which is usually placed in a very high tree, in the fork of a branch. It is formed on the outside of sticks, with a lining of wool and hair; the eggs are four or five in number, two inches in length, by one inch four lines in breadth, of a pale green ground colour, spotted and speckled with darker greenish-brown. The incubation lasts twenty days, during which the male feeds the female as she sits upon the nest, and occasionally takes her place. When the young appear they are for a time tended with great assiduity by their parents, but are driven away as soon as they are able to provide for themselves. Ravens live to a great age, and are considered to pair for life, and to occupy the same spot until driven away from it. Should both occupiers of any locality be killed, it is almost certain to be occupied by another pair. The raven measures fully 2ft in length, and at least 4ft in the stretch of the wings, and has the tail very firmly feathered, and equal in length to half the body. The plumage over the whole body is black, but glossed with blue reflections, which in certain lights give a very peculiar appearance. Cuvier and some authors mention that in the extreme north it is frequently found more or less white; but other authorities including the famous explorer Sir James Ross, strenuously deny this. They are now comparatively rare in England and south of Scotland. Ravens make no defence against any attempt by men or boys to rob their nest, but against the attacks of other birds they display great power as well as courage, and at close quarters are said to be a match for the more powerful falcons. There are several interesting peculiarities about the raven, one of which is its thievish habit of carrying off shining metallic substances and other articles totally unfit for food or to be used in the construction of its nest; and another, its aptitude for imitating the human voice. The well-authenticated anecdotes in proof of its possession of this power are almost innumerable.

It is sad to think that the Scilly Islands (henceforth let the "c" be deleted from their appellation) should now be without a raven. Curiously enough, these same islands were once held by the Earl of Cornwall, Ranulph de Blanc-Minster, in the fourteenth century, for an annual payment 6s. 8d. (what an attorney charges nowadays for writing a letter), or "300 puffins at Christmas." Puffins are still numerous in the "Silly Islands;" but *Corvus corax* non est. The old Saxon proverb, "Every rock has its raven," must be obliterated from the language of the "Silly Islanders." Still, there is one consolation, perhaps the defunct bird may now be an "elegant novelty," which, without parodying Erasmus's definition of a proverb, is "a well-known saying" we do not wish to see (any more than Mr. Edmund Tattersall) pendent from the neck of either "the last of the robins" or "the last of the ravens" in a bird-stuffer's shop.

### THE BIG GAME OF NORWAY.

By "STRAAT."

#### THE REINDEER.

BEFORE commencing any account of this, the most interesting of the big game of Norway, I must hark back to the subject of my last paper, as one observation of mine about the elk requires a certain amount of modification. *Bis dat qui cito dat*; so I'll at once lay a supplementary note before the reader. A friend of mine, who has just come back from Nova Scotia, takes objection to my remark about the elk's sense of smell, which he says does not at all agree with his experience of the moose in North America. The moose, he says, is always considered there as possessed of a keener nose than any other animal of the deer tribe, and, though his other qualities given him for the purpose of eluding his enemies are by no means ignored, an Indian hunter is most especially careful to avoid getting winded. A Norwegian jäger is much more particular about making as little noise as he possibly can when after elk than taking any other precaution in particular, though he, on his part, is careful about other things. My Halifax friend has, I must admit, much in favour of his view from one physical fact, apart from his very considerable practical experience in the woods. It always struck me as being a strange anomaly that such a provision of nature as the nose of an elk should be held as being of secondary importance amongst his organs of sense. That particular feature could certainly never have been shaped as it is for the sake of mere ornament; and, as it must have been intended for some wise purpose, the most natural conclusion to arrive at is that it was designed for use, and, that being so, it is only reasonable to give the animal credit for making the best use of what, to outward view, is certainly the most remarkable and prominent of his organs of sense. I am further disposed to agree with my friend, as in several instances he has been a witness of the effect of the presence, or rather existence, of man on a moose's sense of smell. One such instance is worthy of mention here, as it is to my mind conclusive evidence that I did the elk a gross injustice when I depreciated one of his most remarkable qualities. One day, out after moose, the hunting party, consisting of my friend and his Indian, came across the trail that had been made by themselves on the preceding day. Here they found the fresh tracks of a moose which the Indian pronounced to be not more than an hour or two old. These tracks, up to the point where they touched the trail of the hunters, were evidently those of an old bull moose who had been pursuing "the even tenor of his way" at an easy walk; but something must have upset him to make him turn in his tracks and go off in another direction at full trot, which it was evident he had done. There could have been nothing to frighten the animal either in the way of noise or the sight of anything calculated to alarm him. He must have had one good sniff at the place where a man had been twenty-four hours before, and didn't wait to inquire further or see if any one was looking, but turned and fled. Of course, this may have been an exceptional incident, as moose very often make use of the track made by hunters; but it is sufficient to show that my friend was not far out when, in answer to my statement as it appeared in my last paper, he rejoined, "What on earth has a moose—or an elk, if you like to call him so—got such a big nose for?" And now, having taken this opportunity of correcting an error into which I admit having fallen, I will proceed to deal with the reindeer of Norway, and may possibly avail myself of certain notes and memoranda of my friend mentioned above, when time and opportunity occur to make them useful as illustrating my present subject.

There are two sorts of reindeer in Norway, differing, however, in only two particulars of any importance. They differ, in the first instance, in being either wild or domesticated, and they again differ very considerably in size. Contrary to the usual order of things, the tame animal is not the larger one. How this comes to pass I cannot say, but so it is. Of course, it is with the wild denizens of the high fjelds that I have to deal, and not with the Laplander's most treasured and valuable possession. No one is likely to want to shoot such an animal as the latter; and, in fact, if anyone did feel inclined to do such a thing he would in all probability find himself involved in considerable trouble. Anyone guilty of the offence of being found out in a sinful game of the sort—and the odds would be very much against his not being found out—would, in the end, probably learn that, in the words of Sergeant Buzfuz when he objected to Mr. Pickwick's presence in court, "it would have been more becoming, in better judgment and better taste," if he'd left undone what he ought not to have done. The Lapps, like many other people, are very good fellows in their way until you upset them; and stories have been told of instances of the administration of something too much like lynch law to be entirely pleasant. It does, however, happen that a tyro may by misadventure shoot a tame deer; but with care this ought to be easily avoided. There is very little reindeer-hunting to be had north of Trondjem; at any rate, I never meet with anyone going much beyond there in search of the sport. I have mentioned that the wild reindeer is a larger animal than the tame animal. This difference is no small one. Wild bucks have been killed that weighed over 3cwt; but a tame one half that weight would be looked upon as something very much out of the common. As is the case with the elk, it has been found impracticable to keep reindeer in the Zoological Gardens of London for any length of time; and, though efforts at acclimatisation have been made in Scotland, they have invariably, I believe, been ultimately unsuccessful. Apropos of the elk, by-the-way, I hear that three more calves were shipped from Halifax for this country about a month ago. What their final destination may be I do not know, but I heard the other day that they would go to the Zoo. It is to be hoped that our society would not lose the opportunity, if offered them, of trying again an experiment which did not succeed the first time of asking, and which would be a most interesting one. The Canadians say that the elk cannot live over here because it has no gall; and it is not so much the climate as the absence of suitable food in this country which would counteract this state of things. Some reindeer were, I believe, imported into England about three years ago. As I understand they came from Trondjem, I should imagine they were tame ones. Four or five winters ago a herd were on view in Christiania, and there was some talk about getting them to England; but I fancy the project came to nothing. We shall have to wait some time, I expect, before we get a real *wild* reindeer to stay with us.

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE has become president of the West Kent Bicycle Club.

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## INDIAN SKETCHES.

## No. V.—TIGER-SHOOTING FROM A HILL-FORT.

In the Engraving before the reader, two European gentlemen and a number of the chiefs of Rewah are having a rare evening of it, from a sportsman's point of view. "The moon is up, but yet it is not night." The short twilight of the East is having its last struggle with approaching darkness. The stars are already trying to peep out over those bosky mountains. How grand they are, with their bluffs, and brakes, and precipices! From under them, to the left, glides that broad, shallow stream through rocks and boulders. In the immediate forefront of our Engraving we have the old hill-fort, grim and grey—battlements which have probably sustained many a fierce, savage siege since they were raised by the orders of the Rajah of Rewah, who first built them. The blocks of masonry seen in the sketch certainly look stubborn and solid enough. But we see only the extreme summit of the fort. And there what an extraordinarily sensational scene reveals itself! The European and native gentlemen assembled have evidently been having a merry time of it. Dinner is over; and a little Chateau Y'Yuem, or Johannisberger, is the order of the hour. The air, after the heat of the tropic day, is fresh and cool. No doubt a cigar has been indulged in. We should not be surprised if the chit-chat over the dessert had been about the tigers which infest the neighbourhood, and come out of their lairs at sunset, to drink of the water of that stream. The conversation flows merrily on, when suddenly, as the party are sipping their wine, a sharp-eyed servant whispers softly to the Europeans that a splendid tiger is walking down to the water, not fifty paces distant. The native host is perfectly apathetic. What cares he for tiger-shooting? But the European guests drop their wine-glasses. "Quick!" it is whispered, "Bring the rifles!" A minute passes. The tiger—a splendid animal evidently—approaches slowly the cool brook. The day has, doubtless, been hot, and he has been thirsty as he dined in his lair, full-gorged, or prowled hungrily about in the jungle hoping to pounce down upon some unwary deer or hill-cow; but in the full glare of the sun he dared not issue into the open, even to lap a little limpid water. But now sunset has come. He is too eager to wait through the brief twilight. He must quench his raging thirst. He walks softly and stealthily, looking hither and thither, and swishing about his great tail, to the favourite pool in his favourite brook. He is just about to drink. There is a sudden flash, a sudden report, a sudden desperate roar of rage and pain that goes thundering away in echoes amongst the mountains—and the royal brute rolls over with a broken spine! He sees his assailants now, but can neither advance upon them nor retreat into the thickets behind. He can only tumble about and roar with rage, expecting another stab of pain from that strange distant weapon which he had never so much as dreamt of before. Shall the sportsmen fire again? They wait a little. If the tiger is utterly helpless and dying fast, and cannot creep away, why should they spoil his skin with fresh bullet-holes? But, of course, if he be only slightly wounded, gentle reminders are sent after him, requesting him to stop and allow himself to be quietly skinned.

In the engraving before us the sportsmen are at a perfectly safe height above the tiger. It has often proved a question for controversy, "How high can a tiger spring?" and "How far?" But we do not remember to have heard it asked, "What distance, under any circumstances, can he spring?" Of course we all know that a tiger, after all, is only a huge cat, and the downward leaps cats will take are, as we also know, quite extraordinary, taking their size into consideration. It may be true, as is often affirmed, that, for its size, no created animal has greater powers of spring than grasshoppers. Let speculative naturalists deal with these questions, just as novelists with their jumping frogs. But the tiger is not to be despised in the competition. A shikarry of Coimbatore, South India, once informed a friend of ours that with his own eyes he had seen a remarkable leap taken by a tiger. A flock of goats was passing along some grass land, under one of those small rock-hills with bare precipitous sides—really these hills are, after all, only huge boulders, as a general rule—when a tiger, which had been crouching at the top of a cliff waiting for the flock to pass beneath him, made a sheer clean spring down on the centre of the herd—a leap of between forty and fifty feet! He was apparently quite uninjured; for whilst the affrighted herdsmen ran away for help, and the shikarry himself bolted off for his gun, the tiger dragged away one of the goats he had killed to a neighbouring *shola*, and eat most of him, leaving a portion of the carcass, however, under a tree. Soon after the shikarry, with some friends, arrived and built a platform in the tree, above the half-eaten carcass, and sat up all night waiting for the tiger to return. About morning he came back, and was fired at, severely wounded, tracked, and finally killed. He was a fine young male, measuring about 8ft from tip to tip.

If any of our readers intend soon to try their hands for the first time at tiger-shooting, let them beware of trying a snap-shot on foot at a tiger facing the shooter. But really, after all, why should we take the trouble to write this advice? Sportsmen have written volumes on the subject; shikaries breathe warnings, as the tiger approaches, in the ear of every young man eager to possess his first striped skin. But what avails it all? The tiger approaches—sees you—stops—glares at you with his yellow-green eyes—crouches: the fever of your blood is up: your very depth of passionate excitement renders your hand as steady as a rock, when shallower excitement would make you tremble like a reed. Crash goes your bullet through the brute's brain. Yes; but what follows? You have killed him; but most likely your shikarry will have to pick you up killed! At the very moment of the flash of your rifle, the tiger made his death-spring. He is on you—dead! Are you not dead underneath him? Why did you not stand steady, rifle ready, and let him turn and skulk away, after staring a moment at the strange, motionless figure before him? Then you would have sent your bullet through his heart, and whatever leap he then took would have been straight before him—that is, not in your direction. A tiger is somewhat like a shark in this, that for some time after he is killed he does not seem to know that he is dead. Catch a shark, haul it on deck, chop his tail off, disembowel him, and then put your hand into his mouth. You will never do it again! Your arm will probably bear witness for many a day of the terrible snap of his jaws, convulsively clashing together the moment anything is put between them. In the case of tigers, it is very difficult to say how many seconds, or even minutes, they live, and have therefore power of inflicting deadly injury, even after a rifle-bullet has lodged in the centre of their brain. There appears, to speak from a scientific point of view, as much difficulty in determining where life ends and spasmodic action begins, as in determining the precise boundaries between animal and vegetable life. In conclusion, we may narrate an incident which happened in "Courtallum," that most beautiful inland watering-place in Southern India, or perhaps, for the matter of that, in all India. It is situated at the very base of gigantic mountains. There, while over the plains around broods the burning heat of the summer solstice, all is cool and fresh and green. No wonder then that during some three months in the hottest

part of the year most of the Europeans in the provinces around flock to bathe in its exhilarating waters. It possesses a waterfall as grand as any in India, save the unrivalled cascades of Canara and Malabar. As has been before written:—

There, while the fiercest heat reigns all around,  
Cool breezes blow, and showers make green the ground;  
Through waving palm-groves rippling streamlets wind,  
By roads, with tamarinds and with banyans lined:

Above you, arching boughs, bloom-laden, meet,  
Whilst flowers, beneath you, kiss your passing feet:  
And there, from yon black cliff, towers over all  
The flashing waters of Courtallum Fall!

But our concern is not at present about the picturesque scenery of this Indian spa, but about a sporting incident which occurred there some ten years ago. To the best of our recollection, the chief actor in the jungle drama was a Mr. M., a covenanted civilian and eager shikarry. Courtallum, at the time we write of, was infested with tigers. Indeed, one of its English residences goes to the present day by the name of "Tiger Hall." Mr. M. was very eager to get some sport of any and every kind, and in his leisure hours used to go out with his rifle, hoping to get a shot at sambur, or spotted deer, which are numerous on the green hill-sides shelving round about Courtallum. For several days he met with no sport, and was returning home late one evening through the jungle, rifle in hand, when it was barely possible to see twenty yards in front because of the deepening darkness, when lo! in a thicket before him, he saw an animal, evidently a sambur, lying down and trying to conceal itself from him. The thicket was dense, so he hesitated a little before firing, hoping the animal would get up, and crept up closer to the thicket. He was a little surprised, however, that, though evidently looking at him, the creature did not move. There was no help for it evidently, and so he fired, though he could hardly see the sights of his rifle. There was an awful roar, a crash of boughs, a dull thud of a falling body behind him. He turned and saw a full-grown tiger writhing in its death-throes. In the dim light the tiger—it was not a spotted, but a striped animal he had fired at—had miscalculated his distance and sprung clean over him. His bullet, by the veriest chance, had caught the brute straight between the eyes. In a moment or two the tiger was dead, but writhing and tearing about him to the last, so it was a mercy Mr. M. was not under him. Mr. M. has shot many a tiger and other wild game since; but we think he will never shoot at an animal he can't distinctly see again. It is all very well to "walk up to" an elephant and give him a ball just above his trunk; but tigers have to be dealt with gingerly. However, the most nervous of us would not mind trying a pot from off the top of a hill-fort. Sport such as is represented in the Engraving before us may be most deliciously enjoyable; but it has little of the excitement about it which only the presence of danger can evoke.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HUNTING EXPEDITION IN INDIA.

The special correspondent of the *Times* with the Prince of Wales telegraphed on Saturday last from the

"Royal Shooting Camp, Terai Tandah.

"At Barhinee the Prince made his first acquaintance with an Indian hunting-camp, of course on a scale of great magnificence, there being nearly 200 elephants, including those of the Nawab of Rampore and General Ramsay, 550 camels, 120 horses, 526 coolies, 60 ox-carts, about 1000 native camp followers, 75 of the 3rd Goorkha Regiment and band, 20 troopers of Probyn's Horse, camp police, &c. It was a canvas city complete in itself, clean as a new pin, and beautifully organised. Having breakfasted in the spacious mess tent, the Prince continued his route to Nynee Tal in a carriage to the foot of the hill, where he mounted and rode up. He arrived just in time to see the snow peaks under the most favourable aspect, rose-hued in the setting sun. It was bitterly cold in the camp at night, and the natives from Southern India suffered severely—indeed, a chorus of coughing was heard all night. Blankets have been served out since to all the camp followers, but they are black and give a funeral aspect to them as they sit round the camp fires. Next day the snowy range was hidden by fog. The Prince, on returning from Nynee Tal, was met by the shooting elephants, and under General Ramsay's direction the country was beaten for tigers, which were reported to be near at hand. It needs much patience to plod on the back of an elephant in the sun in marsh and jungle. After several blanks, the Prince and party were posted round a patch of deep grass and reeds with water near it. The elephants, formed in line, were sent in to beat. Nothing was seen at first, and, unfortunately, the Prince was shifted to another place. Immediately after the Prince had moved, out rushed a splendid tiger within twenty paces of where the Prince had just been stationed, but whence he had now removed some fifty yards further. The Prince fired, but the grass was high, and the tiger, which received the fire of others of the party, got off untouched. Subsequently a leopard was started from the jungle, which the Prince wounded, and which was killed only after several balls had been lodged in it. Deer were found on the way home, and afforded good sport.

"The novelty of the scenery and of the life in some measure compensated for the disappointment in respect to tigers. Around the vast plains and forests of the Terai the jungle extended as far as eye could reach to the blue Himalayas. At night a great fire is lighted, and the Prince sits, wrapped in his cloak, listening to General Ramsay's stories of Indian life, and discussing the arrangements for the next day's sport. On the 11th, after having breakfasted at the camp, the party was divided into two, and beat the country across to a place called Peepup Perow, thirteen miles to the eastward, but, as on the previous day, there was no luck. Tracks of a tigress followed by three cubs were made out at one place, but the most diligent perquisition by elephants failed to discover their lair. The country is swarming with other game. Peepup Perow will not be found on maps, except those of the local officers. There is no village there; indeed, there is no fixed population visible hereabout at all, but in open glades and spaces cleared by fire we burst upon grass sheds which are built by people from the hills, who migrate here in winter to feed their miserable herds on the coarse herbage, paying the Government for the privilege. These people seem quiet, inoffensive, and poverty-stricken enough. There are no roads—only tracks through the forest; at all events, the shooting parties do not come upon regular highways. But Kumaon makes great strides, and yields an increasing revenue to the Government, though not by any means equal to the amount it yielded in former days under the native Princes. On the 12th the camp was again broken up, and the Prince, under General Ramsay's direction, made a wide sweep through a singularly wild district, but no tigers could be found in the most likely places. It was dark when the Prince moved into a new camp at Tendah; but, though he had shot no tigers, the elephants were loaded with game, including fifteen varieties.

"As these lines are being written, on Saturday night, the

Prince of Wales is seated in front of a blazing camp fire, listening to the music of the excellent band of the 3rd Goorkha Regiment. Goorkhas playing Verdi, Offenbach, Donizetti, Mozart, with a chorus of jackals and wolves in the distance, clear moonlight and stars shining; and this in the heart of the Terai, the home of wild beasts, where the Royal Standard was floating till sundown! The camp at Peepup was broken up at ten this (Saturday) morning, when three parties were formed to shoot on the way to a place nine miles distant; but detours in the jungle are long and many, and the distance absolutely traversed was considerably more. There was some appropriate tiger-ground, which General Ramsay beat admirably; but the landlords were not at home, and it is a drawback to a tiger-search pure and simple that other game must pass unmolested. When the coverts were found void, the Prince and his party shot on their way to the camp, and a great variety of game was obtained—deer, several species of wild boar, and birds. The two parties in charge of Mr. Colvin and Mr. Prinsep got their fair share of sport, but beat for tiger in vain, and were content with sambur, cheetah, and other large and small deer. This part of the Terai is composed of prairie and primeval forest intersected by streams which in places form deep morasses, in which tall elephants were buried up to the shoulders. The wilds teem with strange birds, peacocks, partridges, parakeets, vultures, plover, falconidae, snipes, quails, water-fowl, and an infinity of reed birds, some very minute and beautiful. There are also wolves, jackals, foxes, porcupines, four species of deer and two of antelopes. The grass is so very high that the course of the game is to be tracked only by the waving reeds and the agitation of the elephants. Only tigers are wanting to complete a sportsman's paradise; but there are plenty of them to come, and it will be a great disappointment if at last a score are not killed before the Prince turns southwards to Allahabad, where, by the-by, there are to be a Durbar and Star of India investitures. The people are very anxious that tigers should be killed, as they cause enormous losses in cattle and interfere with agriculture.

"Everyone is well, though all the visitors except the Prince of Wales are somewhat tired by elephant marches."

## LAPLANDERS SHOOTING REINDEER.

In pursuance of our mission to illustrate sport in all parts of the world, we this week present our readers with a sketch of reindeer-shooting in the frozen regions of Lapland. The manner of stalking the wild and wary reindeer is similar to that practised in Canada—i.e., by using "snow-shoes," a mode of progression which enables the hunter to skim over the surface of the frozen snow without falling through it. The deer, on the other hand, not being provided with "snow-shoes," and startled by the apparition of a hunter, set off at a plunging gallop, sinking almost up to the shoulder at every stride. We need hardly remark that the hunter eventually gets within range of his quarry, and shoots down the tired deer. The game is then skinned, cut up into convenient pieces for sale, and packed on one of the skins of the animals, which is used as a sledge to drag after the hunters. Last year some Lapland hunters brought a large cargo of reindeer venison to Leadenhall Market, accompanied by a quantity of capercaillie, grouse, ptarmigan, &c., when the following advertisement appeared in the daily papers:—

The Laplanders have arrived! with a large cargo of Game and very Rare Birds. Venison and skins of ermine, bear, beaver, white hare, kangaroo, elk, deer, goat, calf, seal, and otter, direct from Lapland, Norway, and Sweden.

The proceeds of the sale were very considerable, and were invested by the Laplanders in agricultural implements, rifles, &c., to take back to their own bleak and inhospitable country. Mr. Brooke, the well-known salesman and naturalist, of Leadenhall Market, to whom the goods were consigned, extracted much valuable information from these wild hunters about the quantity of wild fowl and game which abounds so "very far north, indeed!" as Lapland.

According to their account wild swans, geese, and every description of wild duck abounded in their own country, which they believed to be the "head-quarters" of such birds, thus unconsciously indorsing Thomson, the poet's inspiration, where he says of the far north—

Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made? What nations come and go?  
And, how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

One of their commonest modes of taking wildfowl was as follows:—A spot is chosen for the purpose, where a wood happens to stand between two lakes, or between a lake and a river. A straight opening is then made through the wood, from one lake to the other, by felling and clearing away the trees. Wildfowl soon acquire a habit of passing through a vacuum of this description. The fowler then provides himself with two or three glade-nets of sufficient breadth and extent to stretch across the opening; and, at night, he suspends them on poles as high in the air as the fowl are in the habit of flying, as they pass from one lake to the other. As soon as all is ready, the fowler's assistants disturb the ducks on one of the lakes, and cause them to take wing, when in passing through the vacuum they fly against the nets, and fall captives to his ingenuity. By all accounts, however, Lapland is but a dreary place at the best of times for the British sportsman to visit. To quote from another British poet—Dryden to wit:—

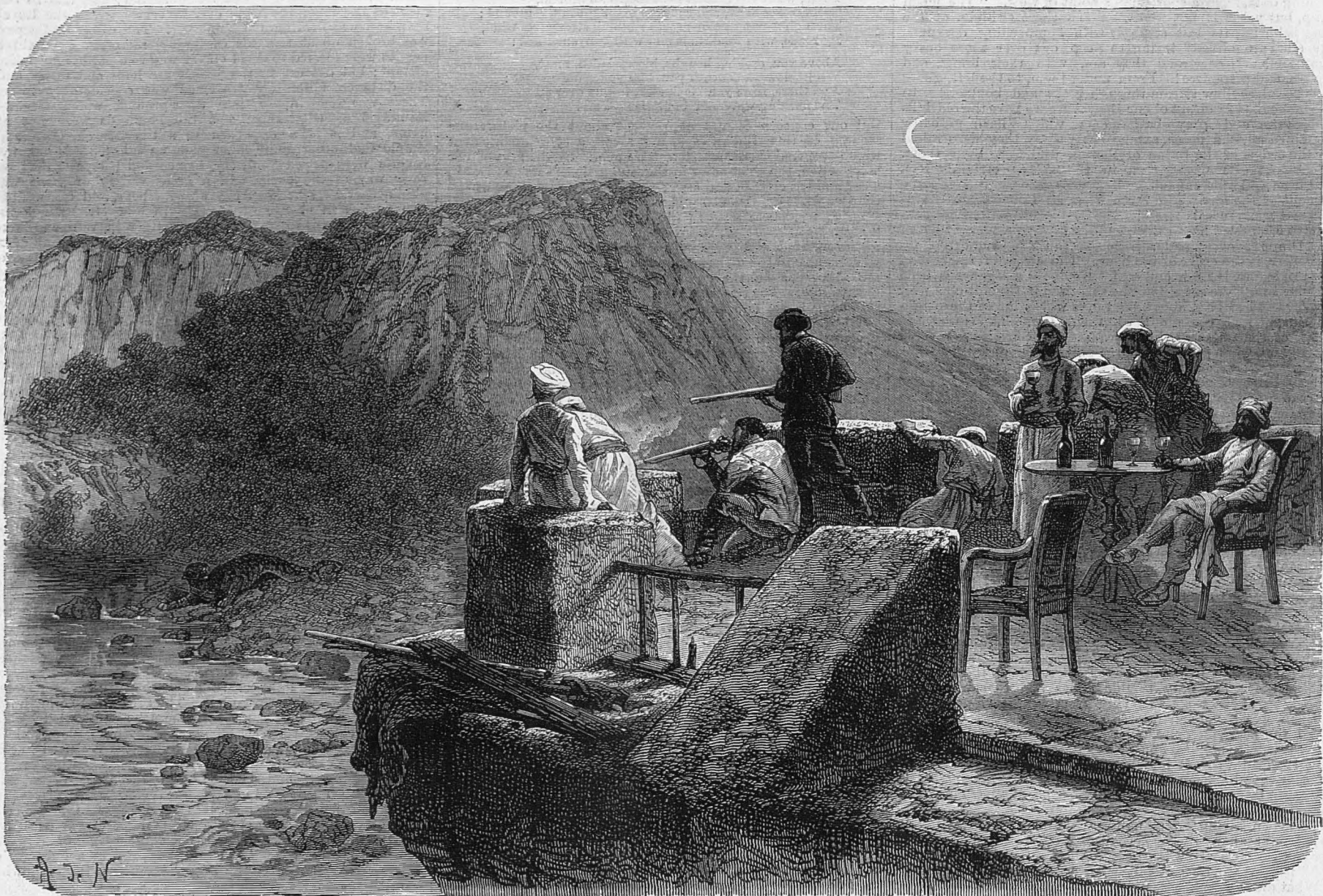
Those cold regions, where no summers cheer,  
Where brooding darkness covers half the year;

are not the most cheerful spots in the world for a blasé club man "to pick himself up" in at the close of a London season; and we much prefer the prospect of spending the autumn at Glentoddie Lodge, in the Highlands.

SALES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.—Of the thoroughbreds announced for sale by auction at Knightsbridge on Monday last, only two were disposed of, viz.:—Prince William (3 yrs), by King of Trumps, dam by Blair Athol (Blair Hill's dam), bought by Mr. French for 30gs; and Arbutus (3 yrs), by Orest out of Evergreen, bought by Mr. Moore for 25gs.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.—The annual ball of this club took place last Monday night at Willis's Rooms. The number of tickets of admission was, as usual, limited to five hundred, to prevent inconvenience from overcrowding, and the company assembled nearly reached the limit. Dancing commenced at ten o'clock to Coote and Tinney's band, and was continued for some hours, with an interval in the programme for supper, at which the commodore, Mr. T. Broadwood, presided, supported by the vice-commodore, Mr. J. S. Earle.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]



TIGER-SHOOTING AT REWAH.—SEE "INDIAN SKETCHES, NO. V."



LAPLANDERS SHOOTING REINDEER.